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MARCH 30, 1953

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXI NO. 13

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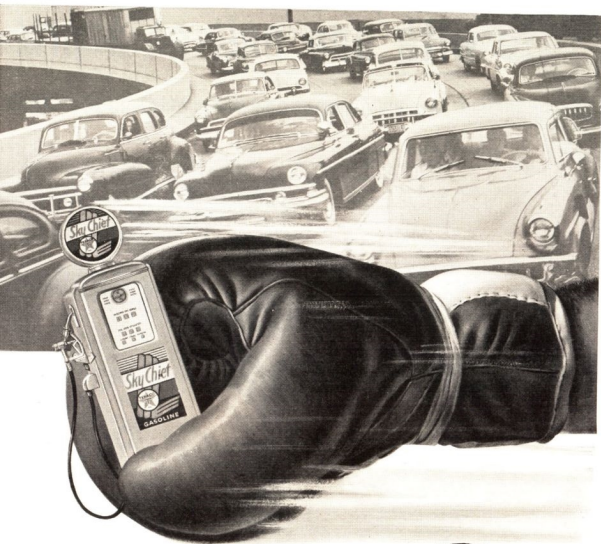
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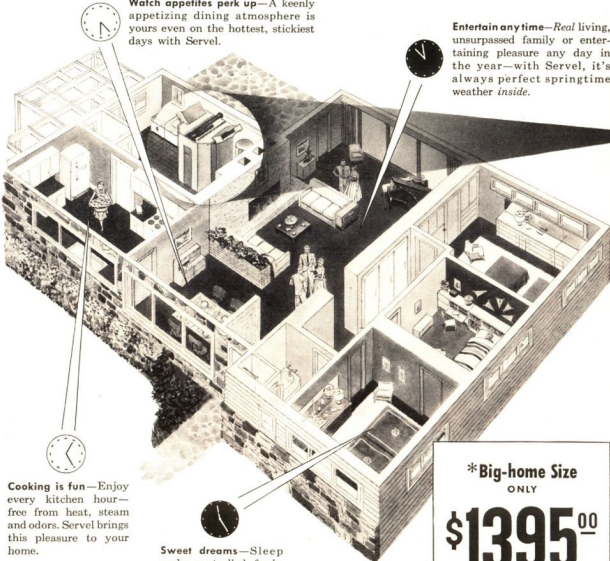
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LETTERS

Joachim's Children (Cont'd)

Sir:
Speaking as both a political scientist and something of a Soviet expert, a sevenfold amen to your March 9 article on "Journalism and Joachim's Children." I believe that the most important truth I have learned as a political scientist, in the study of political theory, is that the very foundation of Western democracy is Christianity.

Speaking as a Soviet "expert" and having come into contact with a few British Marxists in the pursuit of my work, I had long since concluded that the whole key to their thinking is in no sense reason but rather a religious faith. They not only believe that man is perfectible, but in a very real sense they have placed themselves above the altar at which they worship.

ROY D. LAIRD

Glasgow, Scotland

Sir:
The most realistic and mature analysis of the world situation to appear in a leading magazine. It is especially encouraging to any student of Christian theology in the scholastic tradition to see its realism brought out in the catacombs and applied. Education, public or private, grades or college, is epitomized by Utopianism (your excellent example, UNISM). Even our educators are beginning to admit our educational system is goalless, its fruits: nationalism and relativism, and this dream belief in "the perfectibility of man," quickly shattered by the evidence of our senses. The principles of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor are gratefully accepted—just give us bread, and never mind freedom and responsibility.

JOHN M. SCOTT

Nashotah, Wis.

Sir:
[It is] the most asinine, unfactual, unrealistic, unscientific, unintellectual, dishonest, slanted, biased, prejudiced, and wonderfully written thing ever to appear in TIME.

LEWIS WILLIAMS

Philadelphia

Sir:
Your manifesto gives hope of sane, solid journalism in years to come. It also gives evidence of the deep democratic and theocentric philosophy which is its root. Here

is a magazine which realistically denies the puerile illusion that all is relative—morality, beauty and truth.

ERIC J. CARLSON

Lebret, Sask., Canada

Sir:
After reading TIME's keynote address for the Rearward Pilgrimage to the Shapeless Void (or) Daddy Warbucks' School of Anniversary Reflections, I suggest that its Two-speaking editors celebrate its 31st birthday with less sophistry and more eggs.

HUGH MAGUIRE

Collingdale, Pa.

Sir:
Bravo . . . I want to bolster the great tide of feeling which is finally boiling up in this country against the . . . complacency that the "visionary theorists" have sneaked upon us. You have made a noble contribution to nipping it in the bud . . .

PETER GLENNER

Newark

Sir:
Your set of convictions rings with soundness and clarity, unlike much of the hollow thumping which comes out of the heads of many empty-headed journalists. . . . The people are affronted incessantly by the negative, thus creating a kind of passiveness and fear to do anything about an "inevitable" chaos . . .

GEORGE L. FISCHER

St. Paul

Sir:
Your bizarre little fable . . . which purports to be a summary outline of modern intellectual history, is certainly entertaining . . . but some of your allegations are as Huck Finn would say, real stretchers. . . . You have streamlined Western history into a simple dichotomy—Platonic Christianity the mainstream, "Gnosticism" a transient aberration. . . . The U.S. is not what Plato had in mind at all . . .

EDWARD P. ABBEY

Albuquerque

Sir:
Nothing else you have presented to us in the 30 years of your timely existence transcends in importance, and in an understandable analysis of a difficult subject . . . When

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter January 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plans: special editions, Hawaii, 1 yr., \$8.00; Alaska, 1 yr., \$10.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

Subscription Service: J. E. King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to:

TIME Subscription Service
540 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago 11, Illinois

Change of Address: Send old address (exactly as imprinted on mailing label of your copy of TIME) and new address (with zone number, if any)—allow three weeks for change-over.

Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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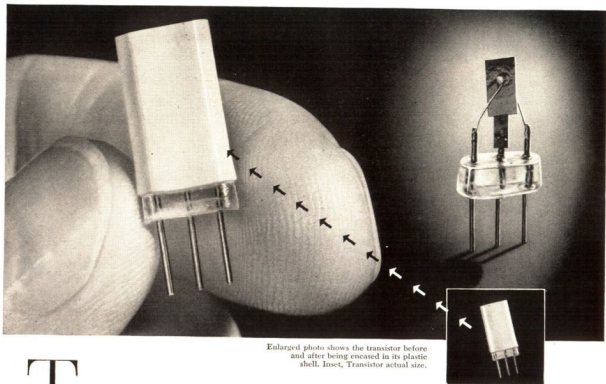
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TIME
March 30, 1953

Volume LXI
Number 13

TIME, MARCH 30, 1953



Enlarged photo shows the transistor before and after being encased in its plastic shell. Inset, Transistor actual size.

Transistor— mighty mite of electronics

Increasingly you hear of a new electronic device—the transistor. Because of growing interest, RCA—a pioneer in transistor development for practical use in electronics—answers some basic questions:

Q: What is a transistor?

A: The transistor consists of a particle of the metal germanium imbedded in a plastic shell about the size of a kernel of corn. It controls electrons in solids in much the same way that the electron tube handles electrons in a vacuum. But transistors are not interchangeable with tubes in the sense that a tube can be removed from a radio or television set and a transistor substituted. New circuits as well as new components are needed.

Q: What is germanium?

A: Germanium is a metal midway between gold and platinum in cost, but a penny or two will buy the amount needed for one transistor. Germanium is one of the basic elements found in coal and certain ores. When painstakingly prepared, it has unusual electrical characteristics which enable a trans-

istor to detect, amplify and oscillate as does an electron tube.

Q: What are the advantages of transistors in electronic instruments?

A: They have no heated filament, require no warm-up, and use little power. They are rugged, shock-resistant and unaffected by dampness. They have long life. These qualities offer great opportunities for the miniaturization, simplification, and refinement of many types of electronic equipment.

Q: What is the present status of transistors?

A: There are a number of types, most still in development. RCA has demonstrated to 200 electronics firms—plus Armed Forces representatives—how transistors could be used in many different applications.

Q: How widely will the transistor be used in the future?

A: To indicate the range of future ap-

plications, RCA scientists have demonstrated experimental transistorized amplifiers, phonographs, radio receivers (AM, FM, and automobile), tiny transmitters, electronic computers and a number of television circuits. Because of its physical characteristics, the transistors qualify for use in lightweight, portable instruments.

RCA scientists, research men and engineers, aided by increased laboratory facilities, have intensified their work in the field of transistors. The multiplicity of new applications in both military and commercial fields is being studied. Already the transistor gives evidence that it will greatly extend the base of the electronics art into many new fields of science, commerce and industry. Such pioneering assures finer performance from any product or service trademarked RCA and RCA Victor.



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

World leader in radio—first in television

so alone, so helpless



The war for survival still goes on for countless thousands of children—like this little girl—caught in World War's aftermath. For many, finding food is a daily problem; some have no shelter at all, and most lack basic clothing. One observer writes: "It would make your heart bleed to hear these little ones plead for a warm sweater, a pair of shoes or a rag doll."

SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE

You can send not only freedom from want, but love and the heartlift of hope. The SAVE THE CHILDREN Child Sponsorship Plan reaches out to thousands of children with clothing, food and other necessities. These are sent in your name to Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy or Lebanon for only

\$8 a month. It takes so little to bring a smile to the lips and heart of a child.

SCF will send you the story of the child you are helping, a picture too, if possible. You may write your child's parents and learn first-hand what your generosity means to a child in a war-scarred land. Send a contribution today.

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The Save the Children Federation is a non-profit, non-sectarian membership corporation organized in 1932 to serve underprivileged children without regard to race, creed or color.

our heads are knocked off, that may be an end of our dreaming. But for the moment, we out-Carroll Carroll in our "magic operations in the dreamworld."

HAROLD E. WOLFE

Belleville, Ill.

SIR:

WHEN QUAKER PSEUDOPHILOSOPHICAL SLUMGULLIONS ARE BREWED, YOUR WRITER WILL BREW THEM.

GORDON WILKINSON

LAS CRUCES, N. MEX.

Sir:

The muddled thinking of the pseudo-intellectuals . . . should no longer be revered or allowed to go unchallenged . . . Such an article, with its overtones and implications, could patriotically be emulated by other great magazines which both mold and reflect public opinion.

STEPHEN E. HART

Randolph, Mass.

Sir:

I find your recent gobbledygook about Gnosticism revolting. You and the Pope can play God if you want to, but whether or not man can ultimately attain perfection is far beyond the depth of either of you, let alone anything to do with newsmaking . . .

NEWTON F. TOLMAN

Chesham, N.H.

Sir:

The lost generation of our day is the intelligent class of people, known to many as the eggheads. They have lost the leadership and the respect of the common people. It seems to me so little to them that this very class is the first to be "liquidated" when and where the Communists take over . . .

FRED I. DREXLER SR.

Mill Valley, Calif.

Sir:

The philosophy of liberalism is not yet dead, much as you might wish it. The scientific disciplines including the social sciences are reinforcing historical liberalism . . . rather than Neo-orthodoxy . . . I wish Time and Niebuhr would catch up to the 20th century in their philosophy.

DAVID H. COLE

First Universalist Church
Chicago

Sir:

So "equality before the law is based on each man's dignity in God's sight?" . . . Equality in law and political liberty exist because stubborn and contentious people . . . have . . . forced their acceptance . . . I object to giving religion credit for democracy merely because religion momentarily approves it, as I would object to giving Communism credit for unions or the A.M.A. credit for private health insurance.

JOHN B. THOMAS, M.D.

Norfolk, Va.

Sir:

In its first triumphant march among the dispossessed masses of the Roman Empire, Christianity's appeal was not that of a heavenly salvation after death, but of the coming of a heavenly ordained society of brotherly sharing right here upon our common earth—and of the resurrection of the faithful dead to share in it. That hope met the same ardent response then as the not wholly dissimilar Communist hope meets among the dispossessed today. But the basic Christian methods of overcoming evil with active goodness was and is in diametrical opposition to the Communist methods . . . The one method helps create the world it dreams of; the other destroys it . . . We



How "young" will they be at 65?

YOUNG PEOPLE today have an excellent chance to live beyond their sixty-fifth birthday. Already there are over 12 million Americans who are past 65. By the end of the century it is estimated that there will be nearly twice as many.

Most of these millions can look forward to being healthier, happier, "younger" after 65 than people of that age have ever been. This has been made possible chiefly by medical advances which have ushered in a new era of health for people of all ages.

If you are one of those to whom the words "old age" conjure up an unpleasant picture, you are likely to be heartened by the views of authorities. They say that old age need not be *endured*; that it can actually be *enjoyed*.

This depends largely, however, on what

you do to safeguard your health.

Over the years, adjustments in diet may be desirable. While the *quantity* of food required in later life usually becomes less, the need for the essential proteins, vitamins, and minerals remains unchanged. Moreover, proper diet is a safeguard against *overweight* which burdens the heart and often paves the way for diabetes, arthritis, and high blood pressure.

Of course the best way to conserve good health is to place yourself under your doctor's care and go to him for a periodic health examination as often as he recommends it. By following you through the years, your doctor will also come to know you as an *individual* . . . what your personal problems are, what strains your work places on you, what your reactions are in times of

stress. Such information is of great value to the doctor in solving many health problems.

He can also advise you about your daily habits—such as getting plenty of rest and sleep and practicing *moderation* in all activities.

Enjoyment in later years also rests to a great extent upon one's mental attitude. This is why it is important to keep up your outside interests, including hobbies. Such activities will help keep you young in heart and young in outlook.

At no time of life should we take good health for granted. Rather, we should plan and work for it, just as we do for the other worthwhile things of life. By doing so, more and more of us can anticipate being "young" at 65 . . . and perhaps even in our seventies, eighties, and nineties.

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might all profit by a study of . . . those highly mystical yet practical folk, the Quakers. (Yes, I'm a Quaker!)

LOUIS L. WILSON

Tucson, Ariz.

Sir:

" . . . The world's way out of Gnostic confusion depends largely on the U.S." If that is true, the world is sunk. Because there is, and/or are, more Gnostic influences running riot through every stage of American life than ever existed in any other country or civilization . . .

SAMUEL COLLIN MACDONALD
North Fourchu, N.S., Canada

Sir:

The comments on Gnosticism and ancient-world Catholicism by TIME and Dr. Voegelin are unnecessarily pedantic. Gnosticism and Catholicism were to ancient Christianity what Trotskyism and Stalinism are to today's Marxism. And just as orthodox Catholicism defeated Gnosticism in the ancient ideological battle, so did Stalinism defeat Trotskyism in the modern one; while the result in both instances was that the victorious doctrine became orthodox, its leaders and followers in political control of their areas, while the ousted ideology became heretic (or "deviationist," to use the mildest Kremlin term), its leaders and followers subject to official persecution, banishment, execution . . .

J. R. HEILBRON

Los Angeles

Sir:

" . . . My attention was arrested by the startling similarity of your first "conviction" to some words of Cicero found in his *De Re Publica*, III, 33. TIME says, "That God's order . . . includes a moral code . . . not subject to man's repeal, suspension or amendment." Cicero said, "There is indeed a true law . . . unchanging, everlasting . . . It is not allowable to repeal, amend or suspend it . . ."

W. T. RADIUS

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sir:

" . . . It is a scornful repudiation of the principle instituted by Jefferson in the foundation of our country and of every characteristic which makes American history the distinctive successful "experiment" before the critical eyes of the world which Lincoln stated it was, namely: belief in the basic goodness and self-improvable nature of men . . .

ELMO R. RICHARDSON

Los Angeles

Sir:

" . . . An erudite exposé of the muddled thinking which has dominated Western European and American political, moral and diplomatic activities for the last half century. The obvious failure of the Welfare State, nationalization and all the trappings of economical and domestic featherbedding in Britain speaks for itself. The hasty scuttling of benevolent imperialism (a much misunderstood word in the U.S.) from backward and dependent peoples was a second victory handed on a plate to the Kremlin—the first victory was, of course, the Roosevelt idea that the Russian leopard had changed its spots in three short years of war . . .

P. B. JOHNSON

Cheshire, England

Sir:

" . . . With Journalism covering the story of man with such an insight . . . it may be that statesmen will also catch up with reality.

CARROLL HINDERLIE
Watertown, S. Dak.

TIME, MARCH 30, 1953



Announcing the Delco "Favorite Station"

Signal-Seeking Car Radio

Here is an entirely new idea—the nearest thing to a completely satisfying automobile radio ever developed! It's the new Delco "Favorite Station" Signal-Seeking Radio, a sensational new model that combines push-button tuning of any five pre-selected stations with Delco Radio's now-famous signal-seeking mechanism. With this advance-type radio you can instantly select your favorite local station by push-button, or, by using the signal-seeking device, any station within range can be brought in. What's more, you can readjust the push-button mechanism to get any combination of five stations in a matter of seconds! To appreciate how this amazing, all-new automobile radio will add to your driving and listening pleasure, ask to have it demonstrated by your car dealer.

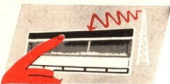
DELCO RADIO

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
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Tuning Instantly Readjusted!

To readjust push-button tuning to any new combination of five stations, you merely move five small sliding red tabs until each is opposite a desired station. As you leave one area you can adjust to a new local group of five stations.



Signal-Seeking Tuner Works Automatically!

Press the station selector bar and the Signal-Seeking Tuner travels across the dial until it encounters a station signal. Another touch of the finger and the next station comes in... up to 50 stations can be received in many localities!



Safety with Listening Pleasure!

Owners of this new Delco Radio can operate its Signal-Seeking Tuner without taking their eyes from the road or their hands from the wheel... by depressing a foot control switch on the floor board! This feature is optional.

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for today's supermarkets**

This woman's eyes have witnessed a revolution—in selling. Short years ago, she saw her first supermarket. Big and barn-like. Freckled with gaudy placards. Now what? You know the answer: bright, attractive stores, low prices—and often Carrier air conditioning. In today's supermarkets, you shop in super-comfort. Fruits are fresher, vegetables are crisper—because air conditioning includes humidity control. Cabinets are bright and clean. Shopping is easier. And business increases for supermarket owners. ■ Is your business a supermarket, a dress shop, a drug store, a restaurant? Carrier



Carrier

first name in air conditioning

air conditioning can help you—whether you require a Carrier Weathermaker, largest selling packaged air conditioner in America, or a Carrier installed system. ■ Carrier provides a wider range of air conditioning equipment than any other manufacturer. Carrier people founded the air conditioning industry more than 50 years ago. Today *more* Carrier air conditioning is serving *more* people and *more* purposes than any other make. All this experience is yours to command. Look for Carrier in the Classified Telephone Directory. Or write Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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War in Asia... 24

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FOREIGN NEWS SERVICE

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PUBLISHER
James A. Lines

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

H. H. S. Phillips, Jr.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

You may have seen the picture on this page before, although it never actually appeared on a TIME cover. It was a movie prop used in the film, *A Woman of Distinction*, in which Rosalind Russell played the part of a college dean of women. After finishing the movie, she had the make-believe-cover painting framed, and hung it in the lounge of the bathroom beside her swimming pool in Beverly Hills. When friends would drop in and remark, "Oh, I didn't know you were on TIME's cover," she would answer casually, "Sure, look, there it is."

This week Miss Russell is on the real cover of *TIME* as a result of her success in a very different role. And she regards her appearance on the cover of *TIME* as a climax to the critical acclaim which followed the opening of her Broadway hit, *Wonderful Town*.

In years of reading TIME cover stories, Miss Russell says she had never expected to be the subject of one herself. "It just didn't cross my mind," she explains. "You see, in Hollywood . . . I never had the big publicity build-up. In the eyes of the studio, my work was limited. For

years I played second leads, taking the man away from Jean Harlow—just long enough to give him back. When I asked for better publicity, they would say, 'There just isn't any story in you. Now if you were born on the wrong side of the tracks, we could start out with the old torn wallpaper and then pan over to your minklined swimming pool.'

But now that Rosalind Russell has proved the experts wrong again, she finds TIME's approach different from that of anyone else who has ever interviewed her. Recently, when her sister phoned her at her hotel suite, she explained her abrupt manner by saying: "You see, I'm living with TIME magazine people. In fact, they're here now." And she has been hearing ever since from various people who have been interviewed by TIME correspondents: the girl who lived next door in Waterbury, Conn., her mother, brother, sisters, many of her associates, and an old schoolteacher, who called to apologize for not remembering what year Miss Russell had graduated from high school.

Says Miss Russell: "There are no interviews quite like *TIME*'s. Usually an interviewer has limited time and wants something—specific—something on a film or fashion, on make-up or why you want to play a part—but a personality interview really throws you. You don't know quite what to do—go into your tap dance, recite a poem you learned at the age of four, or what. You're rather embarrassed when you realize that you've been saying nothing but 'I, I, I' for three hours. And all the time you wonder what they are making of it. When you are interviewed by *TIME*, it's like taking stock of yourself. It takes you way back in your life and makes you think of all the people you've ever known. It makes you realize how much you

owe to the people who've helped you along—like George Cukor, who made me play my part in *The Women* in a certain way. I wouldn't have done it that way, but he was responsible for the success of that part."

Miss Russell describes herself as a "relentless, assiduous, cover-to-cover" TIME-reader. "I've been reading TIME for 22 or 23 years," she says, "ever since it got to be something that was always talked about."

Rosalind Russell is also a star. She has a full collection of TIME films from the Austrian Anschluss in 1938 to the end of World War II. She usually runs them off on a projector because, she says, "a remarkable record" of the war. In her garage, she has all the wartime issues of TIME. But all the covers are missing. She has used the covers to line the walls of a room in her pool house. When conversation lags, she usually turns on at least one of the films. "The subjects will get things hum-

With this issue, Miss Russell has a special cover to add to the collection. If it happens to stir up conversation, however, she may find herself with little to say. After her *TIME* interviews, Rosalind Russell feels all talked out on the subject of Rosalind Russell.

Cordially yours,

James A. Liner



Body Column

HOLLYWOOD'S RUSSELL
"It's like taking stock."

Clear*est* pictures... True*st* tone with Magnavox

Any TV set will give you a picture. But why settle for any but the clearest pictures... crisp, sharp, steady... as only Magnavox, the specialist in electronics, can bring you. Unless you have seen Magnavox you can't really know how wonderful TV can be. Magnascope Big-Picture System eliminates glare and reflections, and High-Fidelity sound gives life-like realism. All models are available with built-in UHF tuner. No other TV can match Magnavox for value... for direct-to-dealer selling passes savings to you. See Magnavox and judge for yourself. Look for your nearest dealer in the classified 'phone book. Prices as low as \$298.50 for 21-inch console.

THE MODERN SYMPHONY

21-inch TV-Radio-Phonograph Combination. Gold-tooled Florentine panel slides to give access to radio-phonograph and record compartment. In oak, mahogany, enchanted walnut.

THE NORMANDY 21

21-inch TV, new Deluxe LD 106 chassis. Authentic French Provincial in antiqued fruitwood.

BETTER SIGHT
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BETTER BUY

the magnificent
Magnavox
television - radio - phonograph

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Dry-Creek Time

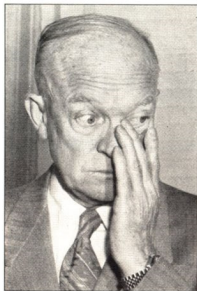
"Ike is running like a dry creek," warned the pro-Eisenhower Scripps-Howard newspapers one gloomy campaign day last August, but soon afterward came the flood tide that steadily carried Ike to victory in the election. In retrospect, the days of the dry creek defined Ike Eisenhower as a man who first sets his goals, then sits back disconcertingly until he has decided how to get there. Last week the Eisenhower Administration was in a similar dry-creek period, a painful interlude where the objectives were set but the Administration was getting nowhere. Items:

¶ As an instrument of foreign policy, the President had sent to Congress a resolution condemning Soviet enslavement of captive peoples. To please the Democrats and the State Department professionals, the resolution carefully avoided condemnation of the Yalta and Potsdam agreements. But Republicans, including Ike, had condemned the treaties roundly all through the campaign. Now the resolution was shelved, perhaps for good, because Republicans who wanted to toughen it were placed in the awkward position of fighting the President while the Democrats supported him.

¶ Without sounding out congressional sentiment, the President nominated Charles ("Chip") Bohlen, a top-ranking Foreign Service careerist, to be U.S. Ambassador to Moscow. Bad timing and bad staff work on the Bohlen case forced Dulles and Eisenhower to make a major effort to get the Bohlen nomination through (see below).

¶ Many a diplomatic and economic policy decision is on dead center, waiting for a restatement of U.S. foreign policy and defense policy. This restatement, in turn, is waiting on Pentagon "fact finders," who were asked two months ago to prepare a statement of present and future U.S. military capabilities. General Omar Bradley and his military experts, who underwrote most of the Truman-Acheson foreign policy, have not produced these estimates. Early this month, Bradley made a speech which paid more attention to reasons for not changing policies in Korea than to reasons for winning the war.

This is typical of the resistance that Ike is meeting inside the Executive Branch of the Government. Congressional difficulties to date are largely a reflection of the failure of the "permanent establishment."



Associated Press
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
Who's in charge?

civilian and military, to reflect and act on topside decisions.

As far as Ike's difficulties with Congress are concerned, he could easily go to the people and use his enormous prestige to blast his policies through. But before he takes such extreme measures, he probably could clear up a lot of his trouble with Congress by quietly and firmly stiffening his own Administration until the "permanent establishment" understands who's in charge. The mood of frustration in Washington last week, tightened by the prominence of McCarthy & Co., indicated that it was high time for Ike to get moving.

THE PRESIDENCY

Frank & Forceful

Unexpectedly, Dwight Eisenhower has become a master of the press-conference technique. Clear, frank and forceful, he is turning these conferences into educational sessions from which the public can learn a lot about the President's mind and the nation's business.

Without waiting for a question, the President began his conference last week by stepping up to the big topic: Does the U.S. think that the shooting down of U.S. planes means anything ominous about relations with Malenkov's Russia? He

doesn't see anything different from the attacks of the past, Eisenhower said. As to the change-over in the Kremlin itself, he said, there has been, as you know, an expression of an intention to seek peace. They will never be met less than halfway, the President continued, because the purpose of this Administration will forever be to seek peace by every honorable and decent means.

Maine Newshen May Craig noted that the President had referred in a recent speech to the "Korean war." Asked May: "Is that a manner of speaking or do you differ from Mr. Truman, who always called it a police action?" Said Ike: It could be his upbringing, but when you see American soldiers, called out under a draft, suffering casualties in the numbers they have been suffering, it must be called a war as far as he is concerned.

Clausewitz, the President continued, knew 150 years ago there are various kinds of war. Some were police actions, and others would get to be complicated. So far as he is concerned, said the President, Korea is a war—a particular kind of war.

Referring to the threat of Illinois' Harold Velde of the House Un-American Activities Committee to investigate churches (TIME, March 23), a reporter asked: "Are you in favor of the Federal Government, through the Congress of the U.S., investigating Communism in the churches?" The President paused thoughtfully for a moment, rubbed his chin, and replied: If our churches—which certainly should be the greatest possible opponent of Communism—need investigation, then we had better take a new look and go far beyond investigation of the churches in our country. The church, with its testimony of the existence of an Almighty God, is the last thing that would be preaching, teaching or tolerating Communism, so therefore he could see no possible good to be accomplished by questioning the loyalty of our churches.

The President declined to back a proposal made by California's Senator Bill Knowland to name Russia as an aggressor in Korea. When a reporter mentioned Joe McCarthy's opposition to Charles ("Chip") Bohlen as ambassador to Moscow, Eisenhower backed Bohlen's nomination. He went on record against New York's Daniel Reed on a tax cut, and against Senator John W. Bricker's proposed constitutional amendment to limit the treaty-making power.



WILEY, DULLES & BOHLEN
The battleground suddenly shifted.

Associated Press

THE CONGRESS

The Bohlen Case

The first stages of the fight against Charles E. Bohlen's confirmation as Ambassador to Russia were based on Bohlen's political background. New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy and Nevada's Pat McCarran said that they were against Bohlen because he was part & parcel of the Roosevelt-Truman-Acheson foreign policy. Last week the battleground suddenly shifted from policy to what Joe McCarthy called "security."

The new objections to Bohlen were not made public. Georgia's Democratic Senator Walter F. George, defending Bohlen, said that the charges were based on an FBI investigation of Bohlen which included an anonymous letter, rumors, and hearsay reports that Bohlen had associated in the past with some "dissolute persons." One day last week, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles spent three hours before the Foreign Relations Committee discussing the new charges in secret. After the long session ended, a reassured committee resoundingly (15-0) approved "Chip" Bohlen.

Acid & Orders. Senators Bridges, McCarthy and McCarran were refused rather than reassured. Democrat McCarran charged that Dulles had cleared Bohlen despite objections by Robert Walter Scott McLeod, the State Department's chief security officer, who used to be Styles Bridges' administrative assistant. The case, said McCarran, was the "acid test" of whether the new State Department is any different from the old.

With Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Alexander Wiley at his elbow, Foster Dulles called in the press and flatly denied what McCarran said. The FBI re-

port on Bohlen, said Dulles, contained entirely unsubstantiated rumors. (The FBI, following its longtime practice, did not evaluate the material in its report.) McLeod (who fired 24 homosexuals in his first three weeks on the job) had called the FBI material to Dulles' attention, but McLeod had not evaluated it. So, said Dulles, there were no differences between him and McLeod. Dulles' own evaluation of the derogatory material: "There is not a whisper or a suggestion that I have been able to turn up throwing any doubt at all upon his loyalty or upon his security as a person."

Picking up McCarran's remark about a



ROBERT WALTER SCOTT McLEOD
The serious question was buried.

Wally Skisim

test, Dulles said that since there had been a full investigation of Bohlen and that the President and the Foreign Relations Committee had been fully informed of it, the whole case was merely "an acid test of the orderly process of our Government."

But then Joe McCarthy threw back some acid of his own. He had "definitely established," he said, that McLeod had refused to clear Bohlen; Dulles' statements on McLeod's position were "untrue." Three times McCarthy scheduled meetings of his investigating subcommittee to hear what McLeod had to say. Three times McLeod failed to appear. Someone, said McCarthy, had "ordered" McLeod to lie low until the Senate confirmed Bohlen.

McCarthy proposed that Bohlen take a lie-detector test. Bob Taft rose to ask if McCarthy knew that the FBI has no confidence in the lie detector. McCarthy snapped right back at the majority leader. That was not true, he said.

Despite all the sound & fury, the prospect was still that Bohlen would be confirmed by an overwhelming margin. G.O.P. leaders on Capitol Hill didn't want to repudiate an Eisenhower appointment.

The Right Man? The victory would be no tribute to the Administration's handling of the case. Dulles had nominated Bohlen before the FBI check was made. Bohlen had never before been subjected to an FBI investigation. When the report came in, Dulles evaluated the implications against Bohlen as unproved and unsupported—and he convinced the Foreign Relations Committee that he was right. But McCarthy & Co. could take advantage of the fact that Dulles was in the awkward position of justifying an appointment made before he had the FBI check, and that his department's security man was not beside Dulles in the fight.

The Eisenhower Administration, like the Truman Administration, has properly refused to make public derogatory material about individuals which appears unchecked in FBI files. But if the material in these files is to be leaked to Senators by employees of the executive departments, it will become the subject of semi-public debate. Such debate can be more harmful to a man in Bohlen's position than an open accusation.

Some observers saw the Bohlen case as the beginning of an all-out fight between McCarthy and Eisenhower. This view was premature, at least. McCarthy was needing, not charging in, and Eisenhower, though supporting Bohlen, had launched no counterattack on McCarthy.

What the Bohlen uproar proved was that McCarthy would continue to bury serious public questions in a mass of personal innuendo unless the executive department improved its timing, and enforced some discipline on its own employees, who run to Senators with rumors and half-baked reports. The serious question buried in the Bohlen case was whether a man who defends the Yalta-Potsdam record, as Bohlen does, is the right man to send to Moscow in a period when the old policies are supposed to be changed.

Work Done

The House:

¶ Passed and sent to the Senate (where quick approval is expected) the joint resolution to raise Oveta Culp Hobby's Federal Security Agency to Cabinet rank.

¶ Talked, but did nothing else about the Democratic resolution to oust Illinois' H. H. Velde as chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee. California's Donald L. (for Lester) Jackson touched off the talk with a 70-minute defense of Velde's statement that some churchmen and church organizations might be investigated. After all, said Jackson, there are some clergymen like Washington's Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, a critic of the Velde committee, who "has been to the Communist front what Man o' War was to thoroughbred racing... Having served God on Sunday and the Communist front for the balance of the week over such a long period of time, it is no wonder that the bishop sees an investigating committee in every vestry." (Retorted Bishop Oxnam: "Congressman Jackson should know that there is no congressional immunity from the Biblical injunction: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.'") Jackson and Velde wanted the House to call up the ouster resolution and shout it down, but G.O.P. leaders still hoped to let it die a quiet death on the Rules Committee's shelf.

The Senate:

¶ Postponed action on Hawaiian statehood after the Interior Committee decided that its members should go to Hawaii for hearings. Some committee members were troubled by the far-flung boundaries (from Palmyra to the Kure Islands) set in the House bill, others were enticed by thoughts of Hawaii in the spring.

Sitter Problem

Oregon's Independent Wayne Morse last week rose on the floor of the Senate to make still another speech. He did not feel at home at his desk in the front row on the Republican side; he would like to move to "the end seat of the back row on the Democratic side." The Rules Committee will have to decide whether ex-Republican Morse may do it.

AGRICULTURE

Challenge for Dairymen

Ever since he took over as Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson has been preaching more free enterprise and less Government subsidy—a doctrine that is unpopular among some farmers. This week Ezra Benson brought his message to the American Dairy Association convention in Chicago. In so doing, he put his head boldly into the cow's mouth: a vociferous part of the dairy industry thinks it desperately needs price supports. Benson's case was that price supports are responsible for the industry's present ills and that the dairymen would never solve their problems as long as they relied mainly on supports.

When he took office, said Benson, the Government owned 37 million lbs. of butter, 7 million lbs. of cheese, 56 million lbs. of dried milk. This supercolossal milk bar had been assembled to help the farmer and the industry maintain prices. But what was the actual effect of the Government program? The dairy industry was losing the public market because of "abnormally high prices" maintained by the Government. Benson cited the decline in butter and the use of competitive substitutes such as margarine and other spreads. In ten years, he pointed out, butter sales per consumer had dropped almost one-half. The overall decline in milk consumption was "alarming": the average American now uses 130 lbs. of milk less each year than he used in 1939.

Then the Secretary lifted his sights from dairymen to all farmers who are los-



SECRETARY BENSON & FRIEND

Also a supercolossal milk bar.

ing markets through Government-ricged prices. He pointed to cotton (synthetic fibers, such as nylon and rayon, now account for the equivalent of 3,300,000 bales of cotton a year) and to wool ("The public... has been sold on suits, rugs and other products that contain high proportions of fiber other than wool"). If these price-supported industries had been fighting to hold or expand their markets, they would not have become the victims of such deep inroads from competitors.

For an Expanding Market. "It has become too easy," said Benson, "to merely spend taxpayers' money to bolster markets." He called upon the dairymen to meet the challenge facing their industry, to convert their "problems" into "opportunities," to improve techniques, to cut costs and thereby lower prices, to seek new outlets. "No industry thrives on a shrinking volume of business. We need an expanding, growing market... If the Government still owns any appreciable amount

of butter when 1954 arrives, I hope all of us will frankly admit our failures."

Specific Benson suggestions:

¶ "Too many people still think of milk primarily as baby food. Advertising and sales effort need to be broadened to include all people." As a model of what he meant, the Secretary pointed to "the job that the citrus industry has done in expanding the use of juices," and to the equally vigorous expansion of "soft drinks and other beverages."

¶ Promotion of sales in such regions as the South, where dairy production is low, and the price of fluid milk almost twice as high as in dairy-rich Minnesota, Wisconsin and adjacent states.

¶ More mechanization of dairy farming; for example, "milking direct through pipelines... from cow to tank to truck—[the milk] not once handled or lifted."

¶ Teamwork by processors, retailers, farm and dairy groups to turn shrinking markets into expanding markets.

"There is no overall surplus of dairy products," said Benson. "Actually, there exists a great shortage of milk to meet our full needs... What we have is a lack of adjustment to the markets—so that not all of the butter, cheese and dried milk is being consumed. If the adjustments are made... the surplus problem will be gone."

For Self-Reliance. The Secretary reminded his audience of his "most difficult decision" to date: his recent order that 90% parity prices for dairy products will be continued until March 31, 1954. He had come to this decision after dairy leaders had promised, if given time, to work out their own marketing program with "minimum dependence on price supports."

Benson put his trust in a conference to be held next month, at which 75 farm and dairy leaders will draft a "plan of action" to start the industry back on the road of free enterprise and expanding sales.

TAXES

Probable Course: No Cut

With some bitter words about high taxes and broken promises, New York's white-maned Republican Representative Daniel Alden Reed last week announced that he will not try to bring his tax-cutting bill to the floor of the House without a green light from the Rules Committee. Reed decided that the bill (which would cut individual income taxes about 10% on July 1) would be amended to death if his party's leadership was not ready for it. But he was quick to point out that he still hopes the leaders will bring it out. Said he: "I have not surrendered... I shall fight more vigorously than ever to fulfill the pledges of the Republican Party."

While no one could say exactly what course tax legislation will take, most of the arrows last week pointed this way: 1) House leadership will let Dan Reed's bill come out in mid-May, and the House will pass it overwhelmingly; 2) the Senate will study the bill for a month, then

rewrite it to postpone cuts in both income and excess-profits taxes until next January; 3) the House will scream but, under pressure from the Administration to balance the budget, will finally pass the Senate version.

Possible Course: No Deficit

There is no sense in debating whether an income-tax cut or a balanced budget should come first, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce said last week. The two "should go hand in hand." To achieve this happy combination, the chamber proposed that the \$9.9 billion deficit in the budget submitted last January by Harry Truman can be wiped out as follows:

¶ Since they are just bookkeeping items anyway, take out of the budget the \$1 billion in interest the Government pays itself on bonds held by its own agencies and the \$2.3 billion it allocates to its own trust funds.

¶ Assume that Truman underestimated revenues for the coming year by \$1.5 billion.

¶ Limit foreign-aid spending to \$5 billion, instead of the \$7.6 billion proposed by Truman.

¶ Chop \$2.2 billion off Truman's requests for civilian agencies.

¶ Trim a piddling \$300 million off the military budget.

Presto! No deficit, and any further cuts in the military budget can be used to reduce taxes.

THE ADMINISTRATION

200 Down, 700 to Go

Before Dwight Eisenhower's inauguration, his top aides surveyed the federal bureaucracy's policymaking jobs. Key question: How many posts would have to be filled by Republicans before the new Administration had effective control of the Government? Answer: up to 900.

Since his inauguration, Eisenhower has replaced about 200 policymakers. Many Democratic bureau bosses have been around so long that they think of themselves as part of the Washington scenery, refuse to move until firmly nudged. Two who were nudged last week:

DILLON S. MYER resigned as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. An agronomist for state governments and colleges in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, Myer went to Washington in 1934, serving with the AAA and then the Soil Conservation Service. After Pearl Harbor, he was given the tough chore of relocating West Coast Japanese. In 1946 he became Public Housing Commissioner, and in 1950 he took over the Interior Department's Bureau of Indian Affairs.

CLAUDE WICKARD resigned as Rural Electrification Administrator. A Hoosier hog farmer who went to Washington in 1933 to help man the old Agricultural Adjustment Administration, Wickard was one of the promoters of the early New Deal's pig-killing experiment, worked closely with Henry Wallace, rose to Secretary of Agriculture (1940-45). When

Harry Truman chose Clinton P. Anderson as Secretary, Wickard was taken care of at REA. The law creating REA specifies that its administrator shall be appointed for ten years. With three years of his ten-year term still before him, Wickard at first resisted the request for his resignation. But last week, as he prepared to go back to his 620-acre farm in Indiana, he said: "I wouldn't stay in any place where I am not wanted."

First Slash

Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks started out his administration by cutting down on the expensive varieties of embossed stationery in his own office and teaching his staff to be careful about turning off the lights. Last week, after days &



ECONOMIZER WEEKS
Awake at the switch.

nights of shirtsleeve work, Weeks was the first Eisenhower Cabinet officer to propose a full-scale departmental budget cut. The Commerce Department, he told Congress, can operate in fiscal 1954 on \$958 million—a cut of \$169 million, or 15% below Harry Truman's estimate.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Hail, Formosa!

To see once is better than to hear a hundred times.

—Chinese proverb

Globetrotter Adlai Stevenson, journeying last week from Japan to Formosa, was broadening his view of Far Eastern affairs.

In Tokyo, he urged a union of all free Asians against the Communist threat. "Asia," he said, "is what might be called the area of decision in the modern world. [Japan] is one in whose hands the destiny of Asia, and thus of the world, must rest. Whether it is to be a free or a slave world is a decision we all face."

Deploring at Taipei, Stevenson was pleasantly startled by the crowd of dignitaries and cheering onlookers come to welcome him. He quipped: "I am greatly impressed. But I am not running for any office on this island."

By the end of his two-day visit with the Chinese Nationalists, the U.S. Democratic leader was even more impressed. He had dined and talked with President Chiang Kai-shek ("Very interesting, very interesting," said Stevenson), watched Nationalist troops in maneuvers, listened to U.S. Ambassador Karl Rankin and other U.S. and Chinese officials. Stevenson summed up his impressions for newsmen:

"Everything I have seen or heard indicates conspicuous improvement. It is always a mistake to confuse bigness with greatness. This is a laboratory demonstration of better government and a healthy economic setup. The fact that it is small does not mean it is worthless. It can be the most important historical accomplishment of many years if for many centuries in the Far East . . . [Formosa is] an essential part of the Pacific defense of the free world."

One important effect of President Eisenhower's order denuclearizing Formosa was brought out last week by Nationalist China's permanent representative to the U.N., Dr. Tingfu F. Tsiang. Said he: "President Eisenhower's message was the first time since the end of the war that China has received from the United States moral aid . . . Economic and military aid without the accompaniment of moral aid does not go far . . . If the United States, in these days of its world responsibility, were to make more use of its moral prestige in aid to peoples struggling for freedom, the people of this country would discover that the amount of economic and military aid, which you are actually giving, would be thereby made much more effective."

ARMED FORCES

Van Fleet on Korea

Early this month, when General James A. Van Fleet shocked the Senate Armed Services Committee into an investigation of the U.S. Army's ammunition shortage (TIME, March 16 et seq.), the security-minded Senators heard much of his testimony in closed session. Last week the committee released a censored version of the former Eighth Army commander's secret testimony—testimony which made it clear that the ammunition shortage was only one of many U.S. blunders in Korea. Said Van Fleet:

¶ In June 1951, before the Korean truce talks began, "we had the Communist armies on the run . . . We stopped by order, did not pursue to finish the enemy . . . I believe we would have gotten all his heavy equipment and perhaps 200,000 or 300,000 prisoners . . . I was crying [for Washington] to turn me loose."

¶ "The war that does the most damage to the enemy [in Korea] is from the air. It is an almost one-service war that goes on, air

war, doing the damage to the enemy deep in his own territory . . . If the Army had been adequately supplied with ammunition . . . it would consume more of the enemy, the enemy supplies, create problems for him, which, in turn, would help our air service."

¶ "I am against extending this war . . . to any greater sphere of land mass of Asia, like Manchuria . . ." The U.S. should "confine our fighting to Korea, if possible, but with a victory, military victory."

Maginot Line of the Air

In more than 150 U.S. newspapers last week, Columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop offered their readers an intimate portrait of Dwight Eisenhower unable to sleep at night as he wrestled with a problem which might end in "the physical and final destruction of this republic." Ike's sleeplessness, according to the Alsops, was caused by worry as to whether his Administration should adopt the recommendations of Project Lincoln, a study of U.S. air defenses carried out at Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the request of the armed services.

Though the Project Lincoln report was classified "secret," the Alsops devoted a series of three columns to an analysis of its conclusions. The M.I.T. scientists, they said, had decided that within two years the U.S.S.R. would be able to deliver an atomic attack "large enough to cripple or even devastate this country . . ." At present, the Alsops went on, U.S. defenses against such an attack were so inadequate that they "really amount to no air defense at all." To remedy this situation, the nation must follow the Project Lincoln blueprint: "An early-warning net must be thrown around the almost inaccessible northern fringes of the hemisphere . . . All the parts [of the warning net] must automatically guide the defenders to the

attackers . . . Fighter air bases and guided-missile launching sites must be arranged in echelons, from the air frontier to the American industrial heartland." The estimated cost of such a program, said the Alsops, was \$16 billion to \$20 billion.

When other reporters began to check the Alsops' story, however, the implication that Project Lincoln was the Government's prime concern collapsed like a pricked balloon. At a presidential press conference, Dwight Eisenhower quietly remarked that he had never studied the report in detail. Other Administration spokesmen made it clear that Project Lincoln is only one of several air-defense studies, none of which is now under active consideration.

The fact was that, even if the U.S. had an extra \$20 billion to spend, most U.S. strategists would want to use the money to buy bombers rather than for a more elaborate air-warning and air-defense system. No matter how much money is spent, a complete defense of the U.S. against atomic attack cannot be constructed, and the best way to deal with the threat, according to most military men, is to be ready to hurt the enemy more than he can hurt the U.S. "A Maginot Line on the ground is bad enough," said one Air Force officer last week. "There isn't any line you can hold in the air."

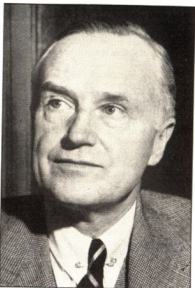
APPOINTMENTS

Old & New Faces

Nominated or appointed last week to posts in the Eisenhower Administration: ¶ To be Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs: Walter S. (for Spencer) Robertson, 59, first-family Virginia investment banker and sometime China hand. A Democrat (who liked Ike in '52), Robertson went to work for the Government during World War II, served as chief of the Lend-Lease mission to Australia, then as embassy counselor and chargé d'affaires in China's wartime capital, Chungking. In 1946 he headed the truce enforcement commission set up by the Marshall mission. After Marshall's makeshift appeasement failed, Robertson quit the foreign service, went back to banking with the conviction that the Chinese Communists were "ruthless Marxians," and that the U.S. had "sold China down the river."

¶ To be Governor of Guam: Ford Q. (for Quint) Elvidge, 60, Seattle lawyer. When Interior Secretary Douglas McKay asked him whether he would accept the governorship, Elvidge protested that he was not ready to "retire to a South Sea island and sit under a palm tree"; he agreed to take the job only after McKay assured him that it was "a tough assignment." What makes it tough is that the Navy and the civilian administrators are waging a cold war to decide who is going to run the island.

¶ To be Commissioner of Public Roads: Francis V. (for Victor) du Pont, 58, financier, Republican National Committee-



Jon Cologori

WALTER ROBERTSON
Fed up with appeasement.

man. A member of the chemical clan (his father was T. Coleman du Pont), Du Pont served for 27 years (23 as chairman) in Delaware's State Highway Department, is given major credit for the state's A-1 road system.

POLITICAL NOTES

For President?

The presidential bug is no respecter of political party, reason or season. Last week, some three years before the next national political convention, Washington's political medicine men thought the bug had bitten these fellow townsmen:

Tennessee's Estes Kefauver, 49, who ran stronger than any other Democrat in the presidential primaries last year, never has stopped running, never has seen fit to kill off the spreading legend that Kefauver could have beaten Eisenhower.

Texas' Lyndon Johnson, 44, who last year drained the last ounce of publicity out of his thoroughgoing, watchdog committee on military affairs, as Senate minority leader in the 83rd Congress now shows a rare talent for keeping Northern Fair Dealers and Southern Democrats working harmoniously on his team.

Missouri's Stuart Symington, 41, Harry Truman's energetic Secretary of the Air Force, who won the Democratic nomination to the Senate last summer over Truman and Pendergast opposition, then won the election while Stevenson lost to Ike, now is speaking out plainly for a strong U.S. defense policy. Symington has even picked his 1956 opponent: Joe McCarthy.

California's William F. Knowland, 44, who used California's power in the 1952 G.O.P. Convention to strengthen his own position with GOPolitics, has since deftly gained complete control of federal patronage in California. In the Senate he has made his mark as a champion of a



Walter Bennett

JOSEPH ALSOP
Worried by insomnia.

strong U.S. foreign policy in the Far East (pro Nationalist China, anti Korean state-mate), and last week asked the Administration to condemn Russia as an aggressor in Korea.

REPUBLICANS

Storm in Kansas

In Kansas last week, farmers from Abilene to Topeka watched and worried as dust storms swirled across the state, silting down the new grass and dimming the sun. Across the U.S., politicians' eyes were watching an entirely different kind of Kansas storm, a political tempest, its gusts reaching all the way to Washington. In its center was Charles Wesley (Wes) Roberts, 49, chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Eye-brows & Questions. The first clouds had appeared Feb. 10. That day the Kansas City *Star* carried a half-column story from its Kansas correspondent, Alvin S. McCoy, about a Kansas state hospital building. It was a tuberculosis hospital built in 1928 under a strange arrangement between the state and the Ancient Order of United Workmen, a fraternal insurance company. The A.O.U.W. paid for construction of the building on state property at Norton, in northwestern Kansas; the state agreed to run the hospital, giving A.O.U.W. policyholders a priority on its beds. In March 1951, when the insurance order's list of patients had dwindled to only one, the A.O.U.W. sold the building to the state for \$110,000. Reporter McCoy discovered that the A.O.U.W. had reported its net from the sale at \$11,000 less than the state paid. The point of his story: Where did the \$11,000 go?

Two days later, State Insurance Commissioner Frank Sullivan provided the answer. Wes Roberts, who had represented the A.O.U.W. in the transaction, got the \$11,000 as his fee. Reporters and legislators promptly raised some eye-brows and some questions. If Roberts had promoted the sale of the building, which had to be paid for by the legislature, wasn't he lobbying? He hadn't registered, as lobbyists must under Kansas law. Then an even more basic question arose. There was a 1927 letter signed by the state business manager indicating that the state expected to get the building for nothing if the A.O.U.W. ever gave it up. Had the state bought a building that it already owned?

Under all of these questions was the bigger one of principle. Had Roberts sold his political influence? The Kansas legislators created a special committee and began to investigate. One of the first witnesses was Wes Roberts himself.

He was proud to tell of his part in sale of the building, Roberts testified. At the time he was a private citizen in the public-relations business, held no state or party office, although he had recently resigned as Republican state chairman, and had long been a power in Kansas politics. The price had been approved by the state architect, and Roberts felt it was a good buy for the state. He had talked to members of the

State Social Welfare Board (which supervises the state hospitals), and had asked only one legislator for information. Said he: "I was scrupulous in making no lobby approach to the legislators."

Then Roberts turned to the general question of influence peddling. Said he: "I challenge these accusers to bring forth a single person with whom I was in contact who will stand up to me and say I exercised any political influence . . . A set of circumstances was deliberately twisted and distorted in a calculated plot to blacken my name and destroy my usefulness in my present position."

"Double a Democrat." Strife within Kansas Republican ranks, boiling long before the hospital fuss, spilled over. Gov-



United Press

G.O.P. CHAIRMAN ROBERTS
Out of the west, a gusty disturbance.

ernor Edward F. Arn, a member of the G.O.P. faction that includes Roberts and U.S. Senator Frank Carlson, testified that he found nothing wrong with the transaction. He said that Reporter McCoy "stirred up and distorted the whole thing" because of a grudge against Roberts. Three other witnesses said they had heard McCoy say he was going to "get" Roberts.

McCoy, who wields considerable political influence of his own in Kansas, came forward to testify that he had merely reported the facts. Lieutenant Governor Fred Hall, who leads the G.O.P. faction that bitterly opposes Carlson, Arn and Roberts, mused to reporters that in contrast to Democratic five-percenters, Roberts had turned out to be a ten-percenter. Said he: "Perhaps Wes Roberts had to show he could double a Democrat . . . His conduct in this transaction was to the very least, morally outrageous." Aging (65) Alf Landon, a member of the Hall

group, charged that Roberts had "made a raid on the public treasury . . . which stinks to high heaven."

Before the week was out, Kansas Attorney General Harold R. Frazier filed suit for the state to recover the \$110,000 paid for the building. A.O.U.W. officials promptly said they were confident that the courts would establish their right to sell the building.

This week the legislature's investigating committee is to turn in its report. Even if the committee exonerates Wes Roberts, the highest powers of the Republican Party are sure to consider the case. As some others before Roberts have learned, a national political chairman of this era must have a record which avoids the appearance of evil.

CRIME

Four a Minute

Crime is on the increase in the U.S., the FBI reported last week. Its records for 1952 show 2,036,310 major crimes (four a minute), up 8.5% over 1951, and the highest yearly total so far. The bureau's breakdown:

Felonious homicide (murder and willful or negligent manslaughter): 12,860, up 4.3% over 1951.

Rape (including statutory rape): 17,240, up 2.6%.

Aggravated assault (with intent to kill or maim): 87,930, up 11.8%.

Robbery: 58,140, up 11.6%.

Burglary: 442,760, up 8.7%.

Theft (except automobiles): 1,202,270, up 7.5%.

Automobile theft: 215,310, up 9.3%.

LAW

Lisbon Sequel

Jane Froman's \$2,500,000 damage suit against Pan American World Airways for injuries in a 1943 Lisbon crash (*TIME*, March 23) ended last week. For her crippled leg, Miss Froman got \$8,300; for her lost luggage, \$750. Accordionist Gypsy Markoff, who had sought \$1,000,000 for her own injuries and lost luggage, received \$9,580. Jane's ex-husband, Donald Ross, who had asked \$100,000, got nothing. The directed verdict gave Plaintiffs Froman and Markoff the maximum allowable under the Warsaw Convention, which sets a ceiling for international air-accident damages, except in cases where the accident is caused by "willful misconduct."

War Between the States

Last week, in a Plymouth, Mass. jail, Louis Bob Conley, 32, was serving the 35th month of what may be a self-imposed life sentence. All he had to do to gain release was to bring his daughter Lynette, 8, back from Texas to her mother in Brockton, Mass. But Conley is a proud and stubborn Texan. Said he: "I'll spend the rest of my life in prison before I bring her back."

Ten years ago Conley, then a Signal Corps sergeant, met and married pretty

Lucille LaCroix. After the war the Conleys settled down in Amarillo. Lucille was unhappy. In January 1947 she shipped her clothes back to Brockton, borrowed \$250 from loan companies, withdrew the Conleys' last \$430 from the bank. Then one night she got Bob to take her to a movie. During the show she sneaked out, leaving Bob sitting in the theater, picked up the baby and caught a Brockton-bound plane.

Bob went to Brockton, got in a scuffle with Mother-in-Law LaCroix, took baby Lynette back to Amarillo, where she is still cared for by Bob's mother. Bob went to Massachusetts, where Probate Judge Harry Stone, who had given custody of the child to Lucille in a divorce action, sentenced Bob to nine months for contempt because he refused to bring Lynette back from Texas. Since then, Judge Stone has resented him four times, as each term expired.

In the midst of the tug of war, Judge Stone delivered some *obiter dicta* that outraged every Texan. "I've never known a Northern woman to marry one of those Southern gentlemen," he said, "but what she got it in the neck. Some of them would as soon beat a woman as they would a horse." Said Bob Conley: "I never beat a horse."

TRAFFIC

Choice of Punishments

When John P. Moodie's automobile struck and killed Pedestrian Robert J. McDonell in Detroit last June, McDonell's widow Faye was left with four small children to feed, and a fifth on the way. Last week Detroit Traffic Judge John D. Watts (see cut) offered Moodie a choice of punishments: go to jail for "four or five years," or help support the McDonell children for five years. Moodie, a \$120-a-week tool-factory worker with four children of his own to support, agreed to pay the widow \$80 a month.

"On a Horrible Road"

For most of her 44 years, Mrs. Dorothy Guthridge of Minneapolis has patiently endured an existence remarkable only for its bleakness. Deserted by her husband in 1945, Mrs. Guthridge went to work as a hotel clerk at \$32 a week. A year ago, when a foot infection forced her to give up the hotel job, she turned to unrewarding makeshifts: baby-sitting, caring for old people, tinting photos and painting figurines. She managed to support herself and take care of her crippled, 83-year-old father, but her weary eyes and tight mouth testified to her conviction that she was "on a horrible road of trying and not getting any place."

One night last January, after sitting up with some old people, Dorothy Guthridge started home in her 1948 Ford. Her record as a driver was one thing about which Mrs. Guthridge could boast. In 28 years of driving she had never been found guilty of a traffic violation. That night, however, as she was swinging into a left turn, she struck and killed 17-year-old

LaVonne Anderson. "The first thing I knew, I saw this girl on my fender," said Mrs. Guthridge. "I don't know where she came from."

Tragedy & Torment. Convinced that the tragedy had not been her fault, the police did not even book Mrs. Guthridge. Later that night, however, the phone rang in her small apartment. When she picked up the receiver, a young man's voice asked harshly: "How does it feel to be a murderess, Mrs. Guthridge?"

Nearly every day thereafter, Dorothy Guthridge's phone rang—sometimes at 2 or 3 in the morning, sometimes about 7 as she was getting out of bed. Often when Mrs. Guthridge picked up the phone, she was greeted with a silence broken only by the sound of breathing at the other end of the line. Sometimes, half-hypnotized,

her telephone tormentor so that they might trap him. But Dorothy Guthridge, near collapse, could no longer endure the sound of her phone and the relentless daily question. With her father, she fled to a relative's home. "Sometimes I think I am an instrument of death," she said last week. "Sometimes it just seems I can never get in an automobile again. I don't know what I am going to do, but I think I'll go crazy if I ever hear that voice again."

Ten in a Sedan

On the evening before Raymond Matlock's eighth birthday, his family headed for Washington, N.J., 15 miles south of the Matlock farm, to buy presents for his party. Packed into the new Matlock sedan were Raymond and nine relatives: father



JOHN MOODIE FACING FAYE McDONELL & CHILDREN IN JUDGE'S CHAMBER
After death in the street, a plan for survival.

she waited for several minutes before her unknown tormentor slowly asked his question: "How does it feel, Mrs. Guthridge?" Then the phone would click and go dead.

Shadow & Substance. For 2½ months Dorothy Guthridge lived a haunted life. "I couldn't sleep at night," she remembers. "I just stared at the ceiling." Worst of all were the frequent occasions on which she had to use her car. "When I drove at night," she said last week, "I thought I saw people in every shadow, every dark spot."

One night two weeks ago, as Mrs. Guthridge was driving home after a day spent caring for two elderly women, one of the shadows she feared took on substance. Seventy-five-year-old Mrs. Catherine Panko, jaywalking at an intersection, stepped out into the path of Dorothy Guthridge's Ford. Next day Mrs. Panko died of her injuries.

Once again the police absolved Mrs. Guthridge of blame. They suggested, too, that she try to arrange a meeting with

at the wheel, mother, brother, three sisters, grandmother, two aunts.

After the Matlocks started south, a northbound trailer truck driven by John Scarantino passed through Washington. Three miles outside Washington, Scarantino (whose New Jersey driving rights were revoked last year when he failed to appear in court on a charge of passing on a curve) swerved into the left-hand lane to avoid a truck parked on the shoulder ahead of him. He saw the oncoming Matlock car too late. All of the Matlocks except Raymond were killed outright; Raymond died next morning, on his birthday.

The National Safety Council announced that never before in the annals of U.S. traffic disasters had so many persons been killed in a single automobile.

In Palmetto, Fla. last week, seven members of one family—Wilbur C. Bearden and his wife, three children, mother and brother-in-law—were killed when their automobile rammed into a locomotive at a crossing.

NEWS IN PICTURES



EX-PRESIDENT: Harry Truman, off to Hawaii for a month's vacation with

Bess and Margaret, gets a warm handshake during stopover in San Francisco.

Associated Press



International



TOURISTS IN THE SPRING

With the first warmth of spring, travelers everywhere seemed suddenly seized with that old feeling. As always, Hollywood movie stars, perennial birds of passage, were on the move with a busy chirping and display of spring plumage. Other travelers were bent on more momentous missions: Marshal Tito, to spend a precedent-making week in Great Britain (*see FOREIGN NEWS*); Norway's King Haakon, to pay a state visit to Sweden; the Duke of Edinburgh, to visit British troops in Germany. All around the world, the great and near-great popped up in unexpected surroundings (*see cuts*). In Washington alone, a sudden freshet of spring visitors included Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul van Zeeland (to discuss the European army); Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands (to express the gratitude of his country for U.S. flood relief); Britain's Lord Ismay (to talk about NATO). And the influx was far from over. Expected this week: French Premier Mayer, with three members of his cabinet, and Britain's Field Marshal Montgomery.

BERLIN MAYOR: Ernst Reuter is welcomed to the U.S. by Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd.



EX-CANDIDATE: Adlai Stevenson tours Korea with General Taylor and R.O.K.'s General Paik Sun Yup.

International

FIRST LADY: Mme. Chiang, returning to Formosa after U.S. visit, embraces Mme. T. V. Soong at airport.



N. Y. Daily Mirror—International



FRENCH MARSHAL: Juin inspects Viet Nam artillery unit on northern Indo-China front.

United Press

BRITISH MINISTER: Lord Alexander flies to Germany to review battalion of Irish Guards.



European

INTERNATIONAL

COMMUNISTS

Nobody Really Knows

Moscow crisply announced last week that Premier Georgy Malenkov, "at his own request," had stepped out of one of the three jobs he inherited from Stalin.

The job he gave up, that of secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, is the one through which Stalin fashioned his real control over Russia, and Malenkov his claims to the succession. Now it will be occupied by a reorganized secretariat of five men, headed by Nikita S. Khrushchev, 58, the tough, slow but steady climber in the hierarchy of Soviet power, who won notoriety by his ruthlessness in putting down discontent in the Ukraine.

Washington guessed that Malenkov would not abandon so important a job voluntarily, and that, therefore, this was proof that he is not yet in full control. London guessed just the opposite: that this was proof that Malenkov is so firmly in control that he could safely relinquish one of his heaviest assignments. Outside the Kremlin, no one really knew.

Pebbles at the Window

Out of Moscow came small signs which Russia's Red regime hoped would be regarded as conciliatory. Russian General Chukov was, for him, quite polite in rejecting U.S., French and British protests over the downing of an unarmed British bomber and the death of its crew of seven (see below). Foreign Minister Molotov indicated that he might be willing to release nine Britons and one Irish missionary seized in Korea. Moscow Radio (in a broadcast in English only) conceded for the first time in years that Great Britain and the U.S. had also helped win World War II.

All of these acts were like pebbles thrown at a window. If the Russians really want to talk a relaxation of the cold war, end the stalemate over the Austrian peace treaty, or stop the war in Korea, they know where the front doorbell is.

WESTERN EUROPE

Blue for Progress

At half past nine one night last week, Germany put the clock forward. Bonn's Bundestag ratified the European Defense Community treaty providing for an integrated European defense force (including 360,000 Germans) under NATO's supreme command. It was the first of the six "Little Europe" powers (the others: France, Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, The Netherlands) to do so. This was the quo; a few minutes earlier, the Bundestag had already approved the quid: the allied peace contract restoring to Germany increased but not complete sovereignty after eight years of occupation. With these two votes, Western Germany took a decisive step in its emergence from defeat into a partnership in the free world.

The man who won the victory was 77-year-old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. In his moment of triumph, his face was grimly impassive, as usual. At the decisive session, it was his schoolmasterly logic that carried the day: "We are still under occupation law . . . We still have no right to follow our own foreign political line. We are still without protection against threats from the East . . . We Germans have nothing, really nothing, to protect our country. All this will be changed quickly and fundamentally after the ratification of the treaties. We will be secure and included in the greatest defense organization which mankind has created. [We can

vote on EDC: 224 blue, 165 pink, 2 white.

Before the treaties become effective, they must be ratified by the Bundesrat or upper house, and face a court test of their constitutionality. Above all, EDC must be ratified by the other five participating nations—including France.

The Impotence of France

The leaders of France were packing their bags for a crucial trip to Washington when Chancellor Konrad Adenauer pushed the European Army treaty through the West German Bundestag. The way Paris saw it, the Chancellor could not have been more inconsiderate, nor his timing more inopportune. It was, to put it mildly, a diplomatic embarrassment.

Now, more than ever, their U.S. hosts would be expecting the visitors to bring with them this week some solid evidence that France, after two years of stalling on the program they themselves had conceived, is determined to create the European Army.

No Alternative Policy. At the head of the delegation was pipe-smoking French Premier René Mayer, blowing a few optimistic smoke rings. "I will speak in the U.S.," he told his countrymen, "in the name of a country which is ready to participate in the construction of Europe provided that her position as a world power be recognized." Mayer, who came to power chiefly by promising the Gaullists severe changes in the EDC treaty, had come round to strong support for it—subject to a few modifications, of course. "When the time comes," said he last week, "the French Parliament will accept its responsibilities. It is in favor of the treaty. It has no alternative policy."

Around René Mayer's chief companion on the trip to Washington, Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, the visibility was not so clear. Washington had small, agile Georges Bidault pegged as a clever man caught between sympathy for the European Army plan and his own strong desire to become President of France next year. He is maneuvering in the thickets of French politics for a formula which will not only squeeze EDC through the Assembly—a heroic task in itself—but will also get Georges Bidault the later political support of varied, often opposing political factions. Bidault joined Mayer last week in strong support of EDC—or did he? "The nation must accept the treaty," said he. But he promptly added: "[It] must, if necessary, be referred to the country." Perhaps the Foreign Minister was merely doing some more weaving through the thickets, but perhaps he was hinting of a national referendum, a new and surefire way to stall the treaty for many more months.

"The Essential Thing." The time for decision pressed on French politicians. Mayer's predecessor, Antoine Pinay, who had himself refused to submit EDC to the Assembly during his 9½ months as Premier,



CHANCELLOR ADENAUER*

At 9:30, the clock was set forward.

help] save Europe from threatening ruin and decay."

The old chancellor's insistence on passage of the two treaties was accepted in good part by perhaps the majority of Western Germans. Stirred by Russia's tightening control in East Germany, the Western Germans day by day become less reluctant to rearm. In the Bundestag, Socialist Leader Erich Ollenhauer, no firebrand as Kurt Schumacher had been before him, was determined in his opposition, but not vehement.

Neon tubes lit the huge, glass-walled Bundestag during the night as the members dropped their vote cards—blue for yes, pink for no, white for abstaining—in the small black ballot boxes. The

* In rear: Bundestag President Ehlers.

last week came out for it, and even had a few words of criticism for those who oppose it. "These people who want more out of others while giving up less themselves," said he, "let them give us an effective formula . . . Never forget that while we may be the masters of timing in the organization of Europe, we are not masters of the timing in the organization of security. That for us is the essential thing."

All French politicians seemed painfully, even resentfully, aware that the U.S. expected France to ratify the compact it had initiated and initiated. They could think of all kinds of reasons why not to ratify: the plan was undeniably complex; why put Frenchmen side by side with German soldiers, etc.

Beneath these doubts and misgivings, beneath this floundering indecision, was the conviction that France still bears within itself the talents and brains of a great power. But France is hobbled by a governing structure that defeats an appeal to greatness, and a party system that protects an appeal to smallness. Even men capable of leading cannot lead under the system which places all the power—but none of the responsibility—in the National Assembly, and dissipates that power among a dozen squabbling factions. "The Parliament is the supreme example [of the confusion]," commented ex-Foreign Minister Robert Schuman last week. "It has the means of imposing its will on everything—provided that it has a will . . . But it is easier to get a majority to criticize than to define a policy."

Lucidity & Nothingness. *Le Monde's* influential political writer, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, took up where Schuman left off. "What is so mysterious about France," he wrote, "is its impotence. It is that lucidity is followed by nothing. If you listen to an old minister, he will explain to you with serenity what could have been done. If you have occasion to meet a man today in power, he will brilliantly depict what must be done. The ideas are seductive, the directions are clearly fixed, the plans are meticulous; France comprehends the universe. And then nothing, or nearly nothing, is produced."

"Why?" asked Servan-Schreiber. "The most distressing thing is not to understand why. Historic decadence is not a satisfying explanation, and in any case it is inadmissible . . ." France's day-to-day existence, he suggested, is determined "by lower echelons, public and private . . . the assistant chiefs of bureau and the secretaries of corporations . . . These men are probably honest and competent, but not for directing the destinies of the country . . . It is neither their role nor their mandate. The sum of all these specialized interests does not constitute a community of interests . . . One after the other, the problems that we have to resolve, the choices which must be made, are abandoned to the events . . . The events take charge."

"None of this is painful. On the contrary, it is convenient . . . It would be senseless to bewail this state of affairs. Only one thing counts: How can we get out of



RENÉ MAYER
The ideas are seductive.

it? One thing alone is certain: if public opinion understood what goes on, it would react violently. Apathy is not in the nature of the country. It is the result of lies . . . Since March 1945 not a single minister has resigned because he is refused the means to pursue the policy which he believes necessary. Not a single spontaneous resignation in a France eaten away by lies and collusion—not a single one for eight years! . . .

"The French of today wish to find the real, actual, living cause of the impotence. It is not too late . . . to transform the political atmosphere. If we do not voluntarily recognize reality, we will become responsible for a catastrophe."



GEORGES BIDAULT
The events take charge.

NATO

"We're Gaining"

The purpose of the European Army is to link German arms with those of five of her neighbors, and thus to guard against a revival of German militarism. The other five are already joined together in NATO, where the armies of 14 countries serve side by side. Last week, on a visit to the U.S., General Alfred M. Gruenther, NATO's Chief of Staff, issued a cheerful progress report on this mighty coalition. Said he:

"We're no longer a pushover. We're gaining. We are better off than a year ago and infinitely better off than two years ago. There are still problems to be solved, but if the curve continues upward, we will lick the problems."

COLD WAR

Border Incidents

Seventeen hundred miles south of its Alaskan base, and only 25 miles from Kamchatka, the long tongue of Soviet territory that hangs down from eastern Siberia, a U.S. four-engine B-50 bomber sighted two MIG-15s. One of them closed to a cautious 800 yards and opened fire; the B-50's gunners returned a few bursts. The bomber returned to base undamaged.

The U.S. Air Force, announcing the incident last week (three days after it happened), claimed that the B-50, a weather reconnaissance type, had been on a "routine" weather flight. The U.S. lodged a protest. But it was quickly discovered that routine weather flights from Alaska usually do not reach farther west than the Attu area, 375 miles east of Kamchatka. In the Senate, a Democrat and a Republican questioned Air Force judgment in sending the B-50 so close to Siberia and wondered how the U.S. would feel about a routine Soviet flight 25 miles off the U.S. coast.

In London, Prime Minister Winston Churchill was still steaming last week over the shooting down of an unarmed British bomber over the Elbe River (TIME, March 23). He admitted that the British plane had been out of bounds, but saw no reason why "the lives of seven British airmen were callously taken for a navigational error. The Russians repeatedly fired on the Lincoln and mercilessly destroyed it when it was actually west of and within the allied zonal frontier."

In response to British protests, General Vasily Chuikov, the Soviet military boss in East Germany, was remarkably polite. He regretted the British loss of lives and suggested a conference looking toward prevention of future air clashes. The fact is that both Communist and allied air arms have invaded the other side's air space numerous times (the Reds over Alaska and northern Japan as well as in Europe, the U.S. over the Chinese mainland). In jet-age speeds, if a pilot flying from 400 to 600 m.p.h. drifts one degree off course, he can be miles off that course in a matter of minutes. This week the U.S. Air Force again ordered its pilots to stay at least 30 miles from Czech and East German borders.

WAR IN ASIA

STRATEGY

A Shift of Emphasis

More than diplomatic courtesy, or even military coordination, is involved in the flurry of international visits between the Korean and Indo-Chinese fronts. A stepped-up priority for Indo-China is in the works. Conviction grows in Washington and Paris that a relatively small increase of pressure there might bring a decision more quickly than in Korea.

Last month France's No. 1 soldier, Marshal Alphonse Juin, visited Korea, and paid particular attention to U.S. methods of training South Koreans. Last week General Mark Clark, U.N. Supreme Commander in the Far East, boarded his Constellation at Tokyo's Haneda Airport, and took off for Indo-China.

In Saigon, Clark had a three-hour briefing by French Commander Raoul Salan and the Vietnamese chief of staff, Nguyen Van Hinh. Salan told him that all signs point to "a very violent Viet Minh push in Laos soon," the Communists apparently having given up for now their hope of driving the French out of the Hanoi delta. Clark also had a 25-minute chat and a few sips of dry champagne with Emperor Bao Dai. The general made a hit by remarking: "The French here are making really efficient use of arms we deliver to them, and surely don't need to be stuffed with advice on how to use them."

A ten-man team from Indo-China has just wound up a close study of U.S. training areas in Korea, and plans are afoot to increase the number of Viet Nam troops from 150,000 to 200,000 by the end of the year. Last week Washington called home its able ambassador in Saigon, Donald R.

Heath, to take part in the conferences with France's Premier René Mayer. Said Ambassador Heath: "I should like to underline once more my unshakable conviction that the Associated States [of Indo-China] will be successful in protecting their freedom," and that a military solution is possible "within the reasonably near future."

BATTLE OF KOREA

The Lord & Private Stanley

Back home in Mansfield, La., Courtney L. Stanley liked to go to church and liked to go hunting. When he was drafted eight months ago, he says, he could light a match at 25 yards with his .22 rifle. Arriving in Korea in January, he wrote home to his mother for a Bible. At night, in the gloom of his bunker, 19-year-old Private Stanley read his Bible by the light of a Coleman lantern; during the day he cleaned the Browning automatic rifle the Army had issued to him. Last week, in his first contact with the enemy, the six-foot Negro put both his religion and his rifle to good use.

"Boy, I'm Hurt!" At 2 a.m., two Chinese companies began attacking U.N. positions on the muddy, jagged slopes of "Little Gibraltar." Mortars and artillery pounded U.N. lines. At 4 a.m., Stanley and twelve other men from the 9th Infantry Regiment were sent crawling up Little Gibraltar, looking for wounded. Halfway up, Stanley and a South Korean soldier ran into two Chinese coming towards them with their hands up, as if to surrender. Suddenly, from a closed fist, one of the Chinese flipped a hand grenade. The grenade killed the Korean. Stanley hoisted his 20-lb. rifle to his shoulder and killed both Chinese with a single burst. Then, as

burp gun slugs and a hail of grenades fell around him, he began to creep back down the slope, looking for cover.

Near him, a voice cried out: "Boy, I'm hurt!" Groping in the mud, Stanley found his battalion commander, Lieut. Colonel Harry Clark Jr. of Columbus, Ga. With another G.I., Stanley carried the wounded colonel into a nearby bunker.

He propped his shoulder against the wooden doorframe. His combat boots sank in the soft mud of the communication trench. As Chinese heads popped around a bend in the trench, one by one, Stanley cut loose with his BAR. "All through the shells and burp guns," he recalled later, "I kept on whispering I believe in only one God, Jesus, and crying out the Lord is my shepherd."

Bodies in the Sun. For more than three hours Stanley stood guard at the bunker door while a medic within worked on the colonel and another wounded soldier. Once, when his overheated BAR jammed (he had fired 620 rounds from it), Stanley ducked into the bunker, borrowed an M-1 rifle. When reinforcements arrived at 9 a.m., there were eight dead Chinese sprawled in the mud at the corner of the trench. Stanley slithered down the hill, had his cuts treated and returned to his outfit and his Bible. "If the Lord wasn't with me, I'd never have made it," he said.

Two days later, Stanley got the highest battlefield decoration—a Silver Star—that the 2nd Division's commander, Major General James C. Fry, could award, and was recommended for a D.S.C. Then he jeered down to a hospital to shake hands with Colonel Clark, who told him: "You were the bravest man I ever saw." Private Stanley shyly looked down at his big calloused hands and said: "Heck, I would have done the same thing for a private."

BATTLE OF MALAYA

Success Curve

Asia's No. 3 war is going well. Thirteen months after he arrived in Malaya with a directive from Churchill to clean up the Communists, High Commissioner Sir Gerald Templer announced last week that mass detentions and deportations are no longer necessary. Hated regulation 17D, under which the British have arrested and screened whole villages, kept more than 10,000 suspected Communist collaborators in concentration camps and deported 761 others, was abolished. "We are about where I hoped we should be by this time," wry General Templer told the Malayan Federal Legislative Council, with about as much optimism as he ever permits himself. "The success curve has been rising, and I have every hope that it will rise more steeply in the future." In the past four months Templer's men have liquidated 52 top-ranking Communist terrorists. But Templer warned against public complacency. Said he: "The shooting is not over yet."



PRIVATE STANLEY & COLONEL CLARK
With religion and a rifle.

Associated Press

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Heretic at the Palace

Marshal Tito's relations with royalty, never exactly chummy, came to a blunt and seemingly final halt in 1945, when he told young King Peter, in effect, to stay the blades out of Yugoslavia or he would chop his royal head off. But last week the marshal slipped into his blue and scarlet commander in chief's uniform, stepped into a cocoon of policemen, Scotland Yard agents and Yugoslav bodyguards, and took himself off to Buckingham Palace for lunch with King Peter's distant cousin, Her Majesty Elizabeth II.

For five dashing, bulletproofed days, the Communist dictator of Yugoslavia was the guest of anti-Communist Britain, the first Red chief of state ever to visit the country. For both guest and hosts, it was a visit not of sentiment but of self-interest. The British hoped to exploit Tito's break from Moscow and to fix him solidly in the anteroom of the Western alliance. Tito was out to get political and economic value for his heresy against Moscow.

Boos & Bobbies. Hale, hearty and outfitted with more changes of costume than Göring, the marshal was treated to all the big architectural, historical and political sights of London. He saw the Magna Carta (without comment), Shakespeare's signature and other treasures in the British Museum, visited the Tower, had a good look at Windsor Castle, took in *Swan Lake* at the Royal Opera House and presented roses and gladioli to Ballerina Moira Shearer. When they were lucky enough to catch him on one of his unannounced rounds and to see past the screen of plainclothesmen, bobbies and motorcycle cops that surrounded him, Britons also got a good look at Tito. There were scattered boos from Catholics irate over Belgrade's persistent mistreatment of the church, but mostly the London crowds were curious, polite and unenthusiastic.

At Duxford R.A.F. field near Cambridge, the R.A.F. brass gathered to show off Britain's jet air power. Noting cloud formations (at 1,200 ft.) in the sky, Tito suggested that the demonstration be canceled, but his hosts insisted. Minutes later two Meteor Mark 8s collided during an acrobatic show and crashed, killing both pilots, while Tito looked on in horror. (On his way to England, four other Britons had been killed during a 60-plane "flyover" staged at Gibraltar.) Tito, visibly upset, asked the British to cancel the rest of the show. They refused. But before it was over, Tito walked off, and his hosts had to follow.

Boos & Dogs. Near the end of his visit, Tito got down to business at No. 10 Downing Street with Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. The man from Belgrade wanted a Yugoslav-British treaty pledging friendship or mutual assistance in case of aggression. Winston Churchill smoothly



MARSHAL TITO WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY
Not for sentiment but for self-interest.

international

explained that Britain could not take such a step until Tito had settled his bad relations with Italy (over Trieste). But the two leaders had no trouble striking a strong verbal contract.

"The two governments . . ." said they in a joint communiqué, "were in full agreement that, in the event of aggression in Europe, the resulting conflict could hardly remain local in character." There was firm talk of British military aid for Belgrade, and Tito volunteered a broad hint that he would try to patch up the festering relations between his regime and the Catholic Church.

At week's end Tito, with a broad smile, a set of English books and two expensive English setters, set sail for home. "All that we hoped for was attained," said he. Replied Anthony Eden, with a goodbye wave: "It has all gone very well."

The Deal Is Off

In a Communist jail in Hungary this week, a 48-year-old British businessman glumly contemplates ten more years' imprisonment; in a red brick prison in Malaya, a 25-year-old girl guerrilla leader placidly weaves baskets. A month ago the Communists offered to free Edgar Sanders, who was accused of espionage in Hungary, if the British would free Lee Meng, who was doomed to hang for bearing arms against the British in Malaya's jungles. Since then, the Sultan of Perak commuted Lee Meng's sentence to life imprisonment, and Sanders' wife and three daughters raised their hopes that now he would be returned to them. Last week in the House of Commons, Prime Minister Winston

Churchill, in a one-sentence statement, flatly refused to make a trade, and just as flatly declined to say why. "We're bitterly disappointed," said Mrs. Sanders. "Beyond that, what is there I can say?"

Return to Private Enterprise

In the showcase of British Socialism, perhaps the biggest trophy is the nationalization of steel. Winston Churchill's Tory government came to power pledged to denationalize the industry. Last week, with surprisingly little fuss considering all the hours of campaign oratory once devoted to the subject, the House of Commons voted 304 to 271 to return the steel companies to private ownership. The significance of the step was more in the attitude than the act. The Tories hope to restore what Winston Churchill's Supply Minister (and son-in-law) Duncan Sandys calls "the invaluable stimulus and driving force of private enterprise."

An iron and steel board, responsible to Parliament, will be set up to retain virtually all the powers over the industry that the government has now: the board will fix prices, regulate capital development, even import raw materials if it thinks they are needed.

Labor's nationalization act never disturbed the basic structure of the steel firms; instead, it provided that the government buy their stocks. Under the new law, a government agency will sell steel stocks back to private owners, but this will take months of prolonged haggling. Laborites are trying to discourage investors by threatening to nationalize the industry again if they return to power. But

current production—under nationalization—is high (\$52,400 tons weekly). Despite Labor's threats, the City, London's Wall Street, is already showing a lively interest in iron and steel.

Britannia Waives the Rule

*When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sang the strain:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves!*

Her Majesty's First Lord of the Admiralty, the Right Hon. J.P.L. Thomas, shattered the decorous precincts of the House of Commons last week with a depth charge that rattled the windows of history. Confessed Thomas ruefully: "Russia has today the second largest navy in commission in the world." He added: "The first is, of course, the navy of our American ally."

The news that Britain—for 200 years "ruler of the waves"—was now a third-rate naval power sent M.P.s racing to the downstairs bar for a bracer. The *Daily Express* said it was "chilled and startled," but the facts were plain:

- Battleships—U.S. 4; Russia 1-3; Britain 1.
- Aircraft Carriers—U.S. 29; Russia 0; Britain 5.
- Cruisers—U.S. 19; Russia 20; Britain 11.
- Destroyers—U.S. 248; Russia 100; Britain 31.
- Submarines—U.S. 149; Russia 350; Britain 37.

Britain and the U.S. have a large reserve in mothballs, but the Soviet ships are all manned and ready for action, said Thomas, "by far the greatest part of their strength . . . concentrated in the Baltic and Northern Seas." Work in Soviet shipyards has been speeded up, and "more cruisers are now being built annually than by all the NATO forces combined." By virtue of Allied help during World War II, and the advice of German experts afterwards, "the most up-to-date technical equipment has been developed in their latest ships." Though without aircraft carriers, Russia has a powerful land-based naval air force "which could be used either for bombing or torpedo attacks or for minelaying." The most alarming figure was Russia's submarine force, which should not have come as a surprise to any well-informed Briton. Nonetheless, talk of 350 Russian subs recalls to Britons Admiral Doenitz's boast that with 300 U-boats he could have bottled up the British Isles.

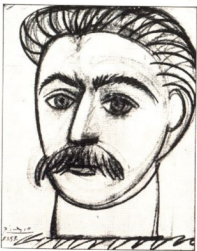
After a brief shudder, British naval pride quickly resumed its steady course. "Morale, training, and a mighty tradition of seamanship, these still matter much more than numbers," gruffed London's *Evening News*. And Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* regarded the Soviet navy with a condescending eye: "This fleet is not manned by a race of seamen."

FRANCE

Too Bad about Mona Lisa

Painter Pablo Picasso is a cavalier kind of Communist, who no more submits to real Communist discipline than he does to any other discipline. Still, as a volunteer Communist, Picasso has contributed a flock of molting peace pigeons and the free use of his name to the party's cultural front. A fortnight ago, the party asked Picasso for a portrait of Stalin.

Picasso tried his hand at a likeness from memory. Spread over three columns, the result (see cut) appeared in the Stalin memorial issue of *Les Lettres Françaises*, Communist art and literary journal. Glibed the London *Daily Mail*: "Note the large, melting eyes, the tresses apparently done up in a hair net, and the coyly concealed Mona Lisa smile; it could be the portrait of a woman with a mustache." Two days



PICASSO'S STALIN
"Apparently it was not liked."

later, the party Secretariat announced that it "categorically disapproved . . . of the portrait," added: "Without doubting the sentiments of the great artist Picasso, whose attachment to the cause of the working class is well known, [we] regret that Comrade Aragon, member of the Central Committee and director of *Les Lettres Françaises*, permitted this publication, the more so as he had been fighting in other ways for the development of realistic art."

Onetime Poet Louis Aragon cravenly wrote three columns of self-criticism in *L'Humanité*. Sample: "Too often we admire indiscriminately the poetry, paintings and expressions of certain society . . . Thus the intellectuals of the militant proletariat may occasionally open the gate to counter-revolutionary bourgeois ideas."

Because the Communists can still use "great artist Picasso" though none of his 53 paintings in Moscow are allowed to be seen, self-criticism was not asked of him. But it was not expected that he should be angry. Said he, when interviewed by a non-Communist newsman: "You do not

bawl out people who send you condolences, and it is customary to thank people who send wreaths, even if the flowers are somewhat faded. I sketched what I felt, since I have never seen Stalin. I put all my efforts into producing a resemblance. Apparently it was not liked. *Tant pis* [Too bad] . . ."

Next morning, when an astonished Secretariat inquired whether Party Member Picasso had uttered such heresy, Picasso denied having said *tant pis*.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Stopgap

Klement Gottwald's Red-style Horatio Alger story had taken him from a Moravian carpenter's shop to Hradcany Castle and power over all Czechoslovakia. Last week his body lay in state in the castle's mirrored Spanish Hall, where Habsburgs had danced in a brighter time. The foreign source of his climb to power was never more apparent than in his funeral: the hands played Russian music; the troops used the Russian parade step and carried Russian machine pistols. The most notable mourners were Russia's Marshal Bulganin and Red China's Chou En-lai.

Prime Minister Antonin Zapotocky (rhymes with Trotsky), a gaunt old man of 60 with stainless-steel teeth, delivered the longest funeral oration (27 minutes). An Old Bolshevik and longtime trades unionist, Zapotocky had once been popular with the Czech workers, but had alienated them by harsh complaints and horn-handed methods of spurring production.

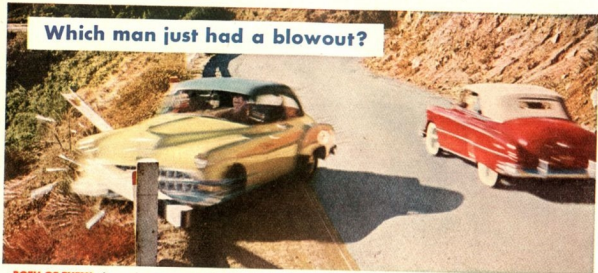
Two days later, Prague's rubber-stamp Parliament voted Antonin Zapotocky into the presidency, by a vote of 271 to 0. On instructions from the central committee, new President Zapotocky appointed as Prime Minister Vilém Široký, boss of the Slovak party, and, as leader of the party secretariat, another party hack, Antonin Novotný. Since none of the three had any real stature, this seemed to be a stopgap arrangement. It was also a rebuff to Gottwald's ruthless, ambitious, unpopular son-in-law, Alexei Cepicka, Defense Minister, who failed to move up an inch. But perhaps Cepicka was a sleeper—he might get a boost later on.

GERMANY

Amends to the Jews

For what Chancellor Adenauer called "unspeakable crimes committed in the name of the German people," West Germany's Bundestag last week voted world Jewry \$822 million in reparations. It was ten years after Hitler's SS began liquidating the Warsaw Ghetto, eight years after the murder of the last of 6,000,000 European Jews; in West Germany only 20,000 of the pre-Hitler Jewish population of 600,000 survives. Some Jews objected to the reparations on the grounds that money could never repay lives, and that Germans should not be allowed to purchase an easing of their conscience. But the important thing about the reparations is that they are a payment voluntarily made by the

Which man just had a blowout?



BOTH OF THEM!—but only *one* man is in danger! When *his* single-chamber tire and tube ripped open, his car dropped to the rim and lurched out of control! He's lucky if he gets by with just a repair bill.

The other man is coming to a safe, controlled stop on double-chamber LifeGuards. When the outer chamber blew, he had a life-saving reserve of air in the *inner* chamber. You can't get better protection to save your life!

SINGLE CHAMBER



LIFEGUARD double air chamber



Which man had a puncture?



BOTH OF THEM!—but only *one* man has the dirty job of changing a tire. The other man is riding on puncture-sealing New LifeGuard Safety Tubes. He'll pull out the nail; the sealant will seal the hole without loss of air.

You save 20% to 43% with LifeGuards. For this is the *only* 100,000-mile *re-usable* protection! You can re-use them in 3 or more sets of tires. You *spread* the cost for real savings. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES



For the longest mileage, the safest mileage, the most comfortable ride on wheels, get Goodyear tires equipped with LifeGuard Safety Tubes. See your Goodyear dealer.

BLOWOUT-SAFE! PUNCTURE-SAFE!
100,000-MILE RE-USABLE PROTECTION!

America needs better, safer roads. Let's bring them up to PAR.

by **GOODYEAR**

LifeGuard, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



Bright idea for a gray day. A very good way to counteract a bleak and dreary day is to join a friend for a heart-warming Old Fashioned—made, of course, with Four Roses. Four Roses has a distinctive and satisfying flavor all its own—a flavor that has made it the first choice of millions across the nation.

Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

Wouldn't you
rather drink

**Four
Roses**



German government, not imposed upon it.

The vote (238 to 34, with 86 abstaining) was unique: for the first time in Bonn's history the opposition Social Democrats supported a major proposal by Adenauer's conservative Christian Democratic government (in fact, the Social Democrats did more to ensure the bill's passage than Adenauer's own coalition, which was responsible for most of the abstentions). Under the agreement, austerity-pinched Israel will receive \$715 million in goods during the next 12 to 14 years; the remaining \$107 million will go to Jewish refugee organizations. The first shipment of textiles, leather goods, optical equipment, farm machinery and building supplies starts for Israel April 1.

Things in the Middle East being what they are, amends to the Israelis had to be matched by overtures to the Arabs. Half an hour after the vote, the Bonn government announced resumption of economic talks with Egypt, and added that a team of German engineers had just arrived in Cairo to survey the possibility of building the world's largest power and irrigation dam on the Nile. Vital statistics: a dam, 4½ miles long, to cost \$286 million and to take 10 to 15 years to build, which would increase Egypt's arable land by 40%, help solve its water problem for 200 years.

PAKISTAN

The Mad Mullahs

For two days last week, a wild mob ruled the Pakistan city of Lahore (pop. 849,000). Surging through the streets, hungry Moslems stoned and stabbed police, burned buses and automobiles, ripped up railroad tracks, cut telegraph wires, smashed traffic lights and forcibly blackened the faces of anyone caught riding a bicycle or automobile. All shops closed and public officials fled. The city's 300 police, disarmed by the mob, were withdrawn from the streets. All communication with the outside world was cut off.

It was a minor revolution which swept this capital of the fertile Punjab province—a revolution engineered by fanatical mullahs against the Pakistan government. Five and a half years ago, when millions of frightened refugees were pouring into newly created Pakistan, the mullahs were the people's leaders. They had a strong voice in the government. But when the country began establishing industries, hospitals, schools and banks, the mullahs protested that these innovations clashed with Islamic law. When Pakistani women shed their veils and emerged from purdah (complete seclusion in the home), the more fanatic mullahs were outraged. When the time came for Pakistan to draw up a constitution, the mullahs demanded that it be based on the Koran. (Result: Pakistan, a nation of 76 million, is still without a constitution.) The government of Prime Minister Kwaja Nazimuddin avoided an open clash with religious leaders, but paid less attention to their counsel.

The Hungry Mobs. Last month a religious group known as the Ahraris, influenced by fanatic mullahs, demanded that the government declare half a million members of the Ahmadiya sect to be non-Moslems. The Ahmadiyas are a close-knit and unpopular group, followers of Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, who at the turn of the century declared himself a *Nabi*, or prophet of Allah. There was politics in the mullahs' demands, because Pakistan's Foreign Minister, able, bearded Sir Mohammed Zafrullah Khan, is an Ahmadiya.* The Ahraris' mullahs demanded his removal. When the government refused, the mullahs began stirring up trouble, particularly in Lahore, where there are many Ahmadiyas. Craftily they timed their pro-

ment outside Lahore, to move into the city and regain control. Ten thousand Pakistani troops put the city under martial law. Within six hours the revolution was over. The Red Cross counted 330 dead at first aid stations. Other dead, picked up and buried by relatives, probably raised the death toll to 1,000 or more.

At week's end, Moslem Prime Minister Nazimuddin cautiously blamed the Ahraris for the rioting. This was strong stuff in a nation founded on religion. When the Ahraris failed to protest, Nazimuddin boldly lashed out, accused them of having opposed the formation of Pakistan. The Ahraris stayed silent.

The only sound in Lahore was the banished wail of the curfew siren and the tramp of hobnailed military boots on the darkened, empty streets.

IRAN

The Waiting Game

Clad in pajamas, lying in bed, Mohammed Mossadegh, the old man of Iran, played the waiting game. Five times in two years either Britain or the U.S. had hurried to his bedside with offers to settle the dispute over Iran's nationalization of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.'s billion-dollar properties. Five times he said no. Each time he left the door ajar and each time his callers returned bearing still more tempting offers. For the longer he waited in his bed, the weaker Mossadegh seemed, and the more anxious the West grew to prop him up against the Communists.

Five weeks ago, U.S. Ambassador Loy Henderson brought Offer No. 6. It was by far the best. Britain offered to drop its legal blockade of Iran's oil, asked in return that an impartial third party be chosen to fix the compensation for Anglo-Iranian. The U.S. added its own bonus: a promise to purchase \$130 million worth of Iran's oil, \$50 million of the amount to be advanced immediately on account.

Last week, on the second anniversary of oil nationalization, a recording machine at Mossadegh's bedside took down his answer to Offer No. 6 so that it might be rebroadcast to the nation. It was no, no, a thousand times no. Then Mossadegh settled back in his bed, and the door was again left ever so slightly ajar.

One Middle East oil expert, gloomily watching this familiar performance, was convinced that it is useless to press an oil agreement on Mossadegh, because he could not keep it if one were made. Unstable old Mossadegh stays in power by being anti-foreign; for him to sign an agreement would be to surrender this source of his popularity to evil old Mullah Kashani and the Tudeh Communists. The solution, says this expert, is not to make an oil agreement in hopes of bolstering Iran's government, but first to bolster Iran's government so that it might keep whatever oil agreement it made. Nearest to a stable element in Iran's government is the Shah, this expert believes; if helped by the U.S., the Shah might be transformed from the weak ruler he now seems,



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
ZAFRULLAH KHAN

The rebels soon forgot him.

test to occur before the new season's crops were harvested, when people were hungry.

Spellbinding mullahs whipped up crowds in Lahore's many mosques, and in a few days wild processions were shouting anti-Ahmadiya slogans. When police clubbed and shot demonstrators, the bodies of the dead and wounded were dragged to the mosques, where the mullahs exhibited them. Within a week the Ahmadiyas had been forgotten: thousands of hungry Pakistanis had turned their wrath on the government. In the streets they cried "*Hal Nazimuddin!*" (Woe on Nazimuddin!).

The Counter Blow. When news of the Lahore uprising reached Prime Minister Nazimuddin in Karachi, he ordered 44-year-old Major General Mohammed Azam Khan, commander of the military canton-

* Another of his distinctions: to have made the longest-winded speech in U.N. history, which took up two consecutive Security Council meetings. Subject: India's misdeeds.

LAND OF MURDER & MUDDLE

A Report from Kenya

A new season has come to Kenya Crown Colony, bringing all its beauties and a change in the weather. But the climate has not changed—the climate of hatred and fear, of murder and vengeance. Cabled TIME Correspondent Alexander Campbell:

IN Nairobi's New Stanley Hotel, where His Excellency the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, occasionally dines to the accompaniment of a brassy military band, a London correspondent growled: "If I opened my shirt and showed you my breastbone, you would see it was black and blue from settlers making their points." The settlers have been remarkably successful in estranging their journalistic kith & kin from Britain, and others besides. They lie in wait for them, pounce and start jabbing their forefingers into them before they have had time to sign a hotel register. The points the settlers want to drive home, in loud and often hysterical voices, are mainly three: 1) the Kukes (their name for the big Kikuyu tribe which has spawned the Mau Mau terror fraternity) have only been "50 years down from the trees"; 2) the outside world loves the Kukes and hates the white settlers; 3) most visiting newspapermen are "bloody Bolsheviks."

Nairobi, the colony's capital, has not really been touched much by the war the white settlers are waging against the Mau Mau terror. You can still walk through the main thoroughfares after midnight alone. Nairobi remains comparatively safe, like a near frontier U.S. town of the 1880s, with Gary Cooper for U.S. marshal. But up-country is another part of the world.

Up in the Aberdares

You drive through the thickly populated Kikuyu reserve, where shaven-headed Kikuyu men stagger under headloads that would shatter the spines of pack mules, and the closely clustered thatched mud huts look like shaggy beehives. Then you come to the edge of the escarpment, and the Rift Valley lies below you like a giant frying pan. Over to the right, the Aberdare range begins to loom, blue and smoky, and that's where the Mau Mau gangs lurk, and strike from. There are no east-west roads across the Aberdares. You have to go round them. And that's where the sprawling white farms are scattered, round the Aberdares and between the Aberdare range and Mount Kenya. When the Mau Mau gangs took to the thick, tangled forests and chilly upper misted slopes, they put the white farmers on a vast perimeter—and on the defensive. The Mau Mau gangs strike and vanish, and the white & black soldiers and police and farmers-on-commando go blundering after them. A commando leader said: "We were doing a little maneuver with some Lanca-

shire Fusiliers. The Fusiliers passed us a tree trunk's breadth away. There were 20 of us, and they never saw us. If we had been Mau Mau!" He made a crude gesture with a calloused hand across his throat.

Thomson's Falls has gone completely Wild West. In the bar of Barry's Hotel, men in checked shirts sat on high stools with gun butts sticking out of black leather holsters. Bearded commando riders shouldered their way in with Sten guns slung on their backs. The flames of a big log fire (it gets cold up here at night) flickered on reckless, sun-wrinkled faces. A pretty woman in three open her white fur coat; round her slim waist was a leather cartridge belt and a holstered Smith & Wesson.

Brandy & Bitterness

They drank a good deal, and there was a raw bitterness in their talk. "Some bastards still think Kukes are human," said a red-faced young man, hitching up his gun belt and gulping brandy. "They aren't."

"I still trust my Kukes," said a quiet, older man. He spoke a little defiantly. "They're not all Mau Mau."

"Trusting bastards like you are the ones who get it," said the young man angrily. "I like Kukes," said the Meiklejohns. So he's dead and his wife has only half a face. Bowyer liked Kukes; they ripped him up in his bath, and we had hell's own job to stop his bowels going down the drain. Bingley and Ferguson trusted Kukes; they're both dead. Gibson said his Kuke servants would warn him if he was in danger; who let Gibson's murderers in?

"Let me tell you," said the red-faced man, downing his fourth brandy, "how the Rucks were murdered. The Mau Mau were on the farm for three days, hiding in the huts of the Rucks' trusted, loyal" Kukes. Nobody told the Rucks. When Roger Ruck spoke to one of his Kukes, the Kuke grinned, and said, 'Yes, *bwana*.' He didn't say, '*Bwana*, it's all decided, we're going to kill you tonight.' When Mrs. Ruck was handing out medicine to sick Kukes, they didn't say, 'Look out, they're sharpening the pangas in the huts'; they just thanked her for the medicine. When the Rucks' six-year-old son walked among the huts, they didn't say, 'Little *bwana*, tonight, when you are sleeping, after we have killed your father and mother, we will break down the door of your room, while you scream and scream, and then cut your throat.'"

The red-faced young man spat. "So you trust your Kukes, after that, do you?" he bawled. The other man coughed nervously, and looked abashed.

They were very bitter, up there in Thomson's Falls—and at Naro Moru, and Ol Kalou, and at Nyeri, and on the Kinangop, and in all that Mau Mau-infested country—about the politicians in Nairobi. The Kenyans

said, "on their fat behinds, in their nice offices, and make up soothing speeches. What we need is more men—far more men—and more action."

He spread out big hands. "Look, this way, how long will it go on? It could be years. But how long can we go on? Night after night, you lock the doors, and see to the guns, and kiss your wife and kids good-night, and wonder if you'll see one another alive in the morning. We have no protection, except ourselves. And don't forget, most of us are out on commando duty. Some of us can't farm any more. So you go out a week or two weeks into the mountains, and you leave the farm to be run by your wife, or by a neighbor, in what time he can spare from his own farming, or to your aged parents. My father and mother are running my farm for me. Each time I go back, I can see they've got a little nearer the edge. They're going round the bend, under the strain of listening to every night noise, watching every black face. I bought them a radio." The farmer laughed derisively. "They don't dare to switch it on any longer! It might drown the other sort of noises they're always listening for!"

"But what can I do? Give up the farm? All my life savings are in it. And who would buy it anyway? Nobody in Kenya is such a bloody fool as to want to buy a farm, today!"

Relatively a Liberal

On his 1,200-acre farm at Subukia, near Nakuru, Yorkshire-born Michael Blundell, the burly, boyish-faced political leader of the white settlers, admitted there was something in the farmers' case. "I try to force the government to take bigger steps, provide more armed protection for isolated farms," he said, "but it takes weeks to get them to move." Blundell, as political leader of the dominant whites in a colony that is still run from London, is in a difficult position. His influence is considerable, but intangible; officially he has little power. The governor of Kenya may listen to Blundell, but has to take his orders from the Colonial Office.

Blundell arrived in Kenya 18 years ago as a "farm pupil." During the war he bought the site of his present farm. It was virgin bush. Today it is a trim model farm, with neat contours and terraces, fields of asparagus (canned for export) and sleek Guernsey cattle. Relatively speaking, he is a liberal. That is to say, he thinks the whites should run Kenya, with only a junior position for the Indians and the Africans (each of whom outnumber the whites). But at the same time he believes in uplift for the aborigines. Or did.

"I used to think reforms, especially economic, would solve most race problems," said Blundell. "But you just can't

fight Mau Mau with new schools and in-door lavatories." This is how Blundell sees Mau Mau: "The Kikuyu have acquired our civilization faster than any of the other tribes. Mau Mau, however, is confined to the Kikuyu. Why? We whites are to blame. We've forced the Kikuyu to try to assimilate 2,000 years of civilization in 50. The result has been mental bewilderment, spiritual frustration. Mau Mau is a deliberate going back to primitive ways. They're rebelling against us primarily for taking away from them what they had—their tribal customs, their social structure—and putting nothing really satisfying in its place."

Blundell has advised farmers to "get rid of all Kikuyu or at least never to let a Kikuyu enter the farmhouse after dark. I've been told this was drastic, brutal and unnecessary. But the Mau Mau oath has a terrible binding power. One Kikuyu who had worked on a farm for 25 years went to his *bwana*. 'I'm leaving,' he said. 'They made me take the Mau Mau oath. This means they may ask me to kill you and I won't want to be in a position where I could obey. So it's better I get off the farm.' The 'loyalest' Kikuyu can't be trusted if he has taken the oath, even if he was forced to take it."

On Blundell's own farm, the Mau Mau oath administrators arrived one night at the huts, tortured several of his Kikuyu into taking the oath. The victims were beaten almost to death, and half-strangled. Only one, a sobbing teen-ager, dared confide in Blundell what had happened. And the chief oath administrator was a well-dressed, well-educated young Kikuyu whom the Blundells had fully trusted.

Playing It Rough

From most farms around the Aberdares, and from the Rift Valley, Kikuyu families are being evicted by the thousands (25,000 people, men, women & children from the Rift Valley alone). These families had "squatted" on the white farms, giving labor in exchange for a little land and a little cash. Now they are being returned to the Kikuyu reserves—whether they had land in the reserves or not. Most had not; the Kenya government hopes their relatives will feed them.

Most farms in the danger zone never even had locks on the doors before the Mau Mau terror began. Often built of cedar logs or even clapboard, added to when the farmer wanted more space, they are difficult places to fortify. Some farmers have put wire-screening over their windows and long verandas, hoping that at least they'll get some warning if attacked. They all, of course, keep watchdogs, and carry guns.

The white settlers are not cracking under the strain—yet—but they are playing it rough. After the massacre of the Ruck family, Kukes were rounded up in large numbers, marched to a barbed-wire camp for "screening," beaten and kicked

(reliable witnesses say) en route, including women with babies strapped on their backs. The number of Kikuyu "shot trying to escape" has risen in remarkable fashion. One Kenya police reserve unit hauled in four Kikuyu men. The prisoners were taken away in a truck, but when the truck reached its destination, all four Kikuyu were dead. It was said that they had "tried to escape." None of the four was armed. Kikuyu (including at least one woman) have also been shot dead "while trying to wrest a Sten gun from a guard"—although the settlers all swear the Kikuyu are a cowardly, not a desperately suicidal, people. Stray Kikuyu picked up by the commandos in the forests (called *jungilis*), who may or may not be working with Mau Mau gangs, are asked for information. They are seldom prepared to talk.

"But we bloody well make the beggars



MICHAEL BLUNDELL

talk," said a commando leader grimly, without going into further details.

Most of Kenya's white farmers are hard-working men who, if they despised the Kukes as "only 50 years out of the trees," did not ill-treat their labor. Now circumstances are making them as tough and ruthless as South Africans. They are men who have a lot to lose—including their lives. The Mau Mau hit first, now they are hitting back, without drawing fine distinctions between Kikuyu who are or are not Mau Mau.

Since the war against the Mau Mau is run from Nairobi, and Nairobi is by & large run by the sons of old Colonel Blimp, the ex-Indian army colonels, the not-so-young younger sons of aristocratic families with hyphenated names, it is not surprising that the embattled farmers explode with numerous complaints about Nairobi's incompetence and muddle-mindedness. Kenya, though by population a

small country, has a baffling superstructure of government departments. "There is no liaison whatsoever," an upcountry district commissioner complained. "God knows what happens to my reports when they reach Nairobi; they never bear the slightest relevance to the instructions I receive afterwards—if I receive any."

The mass movements of Kikuyu have naturally worsened a confusion that was already chronic. One official orders a thousand Kukes to be at a railroad siding at dawn for shipment in trucks to the reserves; but another official delivers only sufficient trucks for 300 people. The farmers who have been told to deliver the Kukes at the railroad siding are then left to dispose of the 700 overflow as best they can. Nobody so far has seriously faced up to the position that will soon exist, when there are more Kikuyu in the reserves than the reserves can possibly feed; one district commissioner openly prophesies famine in his area this year.

Flame Trees & Fear

Kenya looks beautiful this week. The Nandi flame trees are ablaze with crimson against the clear blue sky, and in the sky glisten the snowy crests of Mount Kenya and Kilimanjaro. The giraffes gracefully nod their tall necks on the plains. Even the Aberdares, if you do not know what they shelter, could be called beautifully peaceful.

But it is really a land of murder and muddle. And there is little likelihood that either murder or muddle will halt soon. The sullen masses of evicted blacks in the overrun reserves; the white farmers and their wives besieged in their farmhouses with revolvers next to the dinner plates; the bearded commandos stumbling through forests after the elusive Mau Mau; the brittle Mayfair-in-suburbia life of spuriously gay Nairobi; the purple-faced ex-colonels in the very, very particular Rift Valley Club—none of them seeming to know what to do. Not even the Mau Mau themselves seem to know what they really want—except to kill and disembowel as many whites, chiefs, headmen, and non-Mau Mau Kikuyu as possible.

Nobody can guess how long it may drag on, how far Mau Mauism may spread, how infectious its example might prove to be. What thoughts pass through the minds of Samburu, Turkana, Wakamba or Masai tribesmen as they watch the white man harried by the hitherto despised and pacific Kikuyu? What thoughts down in Central Africa, where the British plan a political federation opposed by the natives, or in Uganda or the Belgian Congo? In South Africa, the Negro-hating Boers use the Mau Mau's terror to win support for even more brutal suppression of the nonwhites. Kenya, the Land of the Shining Mountain, has become a smoldering ember in Africa. And the surrounding brush, vast, white-run, black-populated, miles of it, is tinder-dry.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Novelist **Kathleen Winsor**, 34, helpfully analyzed her marital career for a Hearst reporter in Manhattan. Of husband No. 1, Robert John Herwig, a football coach, she said: "While Bob was overseas, *Forever Amber* was published . . . During the next year I received \$1,000,000 in royalties . . . It is to his credit that he was unable to adjust himself comfortably to his wife suddenly making \$1,000,000." Husband No. 2, Bandleader **Artie Shaw**, was "an unhappy mistake from the very beginning . . . I was working on *Star Money*, my second book, and Artie was working on a book of his own. He said this had been a lifelong ambition. I think he must have had some vague notion that being married to a writer would have the effect of making him concentrate on writing . . . It became painfully evident that he did not love me and never had." Husband No. 3, Lawyer **Arnold Krakower**, handled her divorce from Shaw. "We came to a parting of the ways three weeks ago, and a divorce is inevitable . . . We discovered that we were more different than we were alike. He, for example, believed that a man should dominate the household . . ."

For a "favorite book" display, the librarian at Bucknell University (Lewisburg, Pa.) wrote to 44 men of affairs asking them to nominate two or three books which they considered "most meaningful." Sample return, from Vice President



KATHLEEN WINSOR
In Manhattan, on analysis.

Richard Nixon: Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Robert La Follette's autobiography, and *Witness*, by Whittaker Chambers.

Colonel **Robert R. McCormick**, the sometime British-baiting publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, and his wife arrived in London for a visit. The colonel did not plan to attend the coronation, but, he added, ". . . I have some lively memories of British royal families. I recall that once the Prince of Wales, later **Edward VII**, patted me on the head when I was a little boy visiting Germany. The Prince was with the **Kaiser** . . . The Prince said to me, 'There's a nice little British boy,' because he noticed I was wearing a sailor's hat bearing the initials H.M.S. 'No, sir, American,' I said. And both the Prince and the Kaiser laughed. That was the end of my contact with them."

In Naples, where he is hard at work on a new film called *Man, Beast and Virtue*, 37-year-old Wonder Boy **Orson Welles** confided to a reporter: "I am the only middle-aged genius in the business to whom nothing comes easy."

London's Covent Garden exploded with applause at the first appearance in six months of Britain's Prima Ballerina **Margot Fonteyn**. An attack of diphtheria last October had left strange complications. Her legs and arms were numb and nerveless. In January she said: "At the moment, I can't do even the easiest dance." By last week she felt ready to appear in the undemanding ballet *Apparitions*, and summoned her oldest friends to rally round. Instead of a few friendly faces, she drew a capacity audience of some 2,000 which gave Margot 14 curtain calls and 41 bouquets. Said she: "I don't feel

I deserve any of this applause, but thank you all very much . . . Now I know I can go on as usual."

In Manhattan, the Government slapped a tax lien against **Frank Sinatra** for \$109,997 in back income taxes. Said the Crooner in Hollywood: "The legalistics involved are beyond my comprehension."

The Marine Corps Reserve selection board, which last year passed over the name of Senator **Joe McCarthy** for promotion from major to lieutenant colonel, included him in a list of 184 promotions approved by the Secretary of the Navy.

At London airport, a crowd of expectant reporters and photographers and a group of doctors awaited the arrival of a transatlantic plane from New York. The object of their vigil: Actor **Sir Laurence Olivier**, who was bringing his sick and troubled wife **Vivien Leigh** home from Hollywood, where she collapsed with a nervous breakdown a fortnight ago.

Columnists were busy making a match between **Bing Crosby**, 48, and blonde, Cinemactress **Mona Freeman**, 26, first introduced to Hollywood by Producer Howard Hughes, who discovered her working as a model in Manhattan. Louella Parsons noted that Mona's mother "is taking shots and getting her passports so she can accompany Mona to Europe. There's a possible picture deal, and, of course, Bing Crosby," who sailed last week on the *Queen Elizabeth*. Broadway's Danton Walker reported that friends predicted a wedding "at St. Moritz, Switzerland, in December."



MARGOT FONTEYN
In Covent Garden, an explosion.



MONA FREEMAN
For St. Moritz, a prediction.



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*Reader's Digest,
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MEDICINE

Is Spinach Dangerous?

The moppet in Carl Rose's famed *New Yorker* cartoon who said "I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it," got some support last week from an unexpected quarter—the deadly serious letters column of the deadly serious *British Medical Journal*. The *B.M.J.* had recently pontificated that "spinach would seem to be particularly valuable for the nutrition of children, provided they can be persuaded to acquire a liking for its somewhat bitter taste." Not so, snapped back a London husband & wife team, Physician Joan E. Bamji and Chemist Nariman S. Bamji: the stuff has too much oxalic acid in it.

Oxalic acid, it seems, is bad because it eats up calcium that the youngster needs in order to grow strong bones and teeth. If the child is getting lots of milk and has calcium to burn, the result may not be too bad, provided the oxalic salts do not irritate the bladder or turn into kidney stones. But if children are not getting enough milk and protein, spinach just makes things worse by cutting down the calcium available for the bones. As for the good things that are supposed to be in spinach, such as vitamin C and iron, the Bamjis suggest that these can be had as easily in more palatable foods.

"Is it not possible," they ask, "that the intense dislike of spinach shown by most children is nature's way of protecting them from its harmful effects? . . . May we suggest that, until further light is thrown on the subject, spinach should be considered a doubtful article of diet for children."

The Uses of Hypnosis

Hypnosis has been a hard-luck kid among medical techniques. A century ago, it was just beginning to win acceptance as a painkiller when ether anesthesia was discovered and hypnosis was discarded. It was making a comeback 60 years ago when Freud hit upon the idea of psychoanalysis, and the experts again lost interest in hypnosis. Now, the third time around, it is once more winning the support of reputable men in both the physical and psychic areas of medicine. To help put hypnosis over the top for good, eleven doctors have assembled the first comprehensive textbook in the field, *Hypnosis in Modern Medicine* (Thomas; \$7.50), with Psychiatrist Jerome M. Schneck as editor.

For Cautious Doctors. The big difference between modern medical hypnosis and old-fashioned mesmerism or "magnetism" is that doctors nowadays do not think of it as a treatment in itself, but as a handy tool to help them give other, conventional forms of treatment. Typically, under "eye fixation," the patient goes into a trance and soon tells about his troubles. Before he is "awakened," the hypnotherapist tells him whether or not he is to remember, on awakening, what he has said. If the decision is in favor of remembering, there will then be a con-



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"It's broccoli, dear."
"I say it's spinach, and I say
the hell with it."

scious discussion of the problems. Sometimes the business of banishing symptoms of illness may be done by suggestions made during the trance period.

After sounding the usual professional notes of caution (a bungling hypnotist can do "irreparable harm," and no hypnotist should tackle a case on the borderline of severe mental illness), Dr. Schneck's contributors get down to cases.

Psychiatrist Harold Rosen cites this one: a man of 26 had been having severe spells of nausea and dizziness. He was in a hospital and was being considered for ear-nerve surgery. A psychiatrist suspected an emotional basis for the illness, but could not track it down. It took eight minutes to hypnotize the patient, and while in the trance, he had one of his spells, with "the shakes." In a second session he reported seeing a shipwreck, but tried to ignore it. At last, prodded by the therapist, he recalled and relived his own shipwreck of seven years before, when many of his buddies died in a torpedo attack. Conscious again, he admitted that he had been brooding and dreaming about that attack. He was shown that his spells were a device to shut it out. Instead of surgery, he was told to go back to the psychiatrist for more treatment.

Editor Schneck and his colleagues recommend using hypnosis to get at a wide range of psychosomatic illnesses—from stomach upsets, headaches and skin disorders to menstrual troubles, morning sickness and difficulties with breast feeding. In surgery, they say, hypnosis can be not only a valuable anesthetic, but



Historical Pictures
DAUMIER'S HYPNOTISM
For a hard-luck kid, a third round.

can serve to distinguish between true & false complaints of physical illness. (In the case of the shipwrecked sailor, it served a dual purpose.)

Children up to 15 can be hypnotized almost without exception, and Psychiatrist Gordon Ambrose of London recommends using the technique in both anxiety reactions and hysterical reactions. He goes further and suggests that it would be worthwhile to see how much good it might do for the juvenile delinquent.

For Painful Dentists. Dentistry, says Harlem Hospital's Dr. Jules Weinstein, may offer more scope for hypnosis than any other branch of medicine, because 1) nearly all dental operations are painful; 2) the patient usually has to go back for more; and 3) "dentistry retains the taint and stigma of its early . . . crude and torturing methods." But patients who can get by without hypnosis should not have it, says Dr. Weinstein; it should be reserved for those who feel that they need it because they cannot face up to the pain of even routine dental work, and for others who may have to be convinced that they should have it because of a low pain threshold, gagging or fainting.

For all that they have learned about hypnosis and when to use it, Dr. Schneck and his collaborators still have very little idea of what the hypnotic state really is. When that is better understood, hypnosis will have a better chance of being more widely accepted.

Capsules

¶ For doctors who never have time to read all their technical literature but spend up to three hours a day in their cars, Los Angeles' College of Medical Evangelists started an "Audio-Digest" service: a tape recorder is installed in the doctor's car, and each week, for \$2.50, he gets a one-hour summary of medical news.

¶ Tulane University neurosurgeons described a simple and seemingly successful way of treating syringomyelia, an uncommon but hitherto baffling complaint in which a cyst forms in the spinal cord, gradually causing paralysis. The technique involves using a wire of the modern wonder metal, tantalum, to keep the cyst open and draining. Unlike materials previously used, tantalum does not change in the body or interfere with body tissues. Three living testimonials appeared at the New Orleans meeting.

¶ More than half the huge U.S. output of sleeping pills (395 tons in 1951) goes to drug addicts or thrill seekers, said Chicago's Dr. Donald A. Dukelow. These non-prescription sales, he said, cause at least 1,000 deaths a year, and are a factor in thousands of other deaths.

¶ To help promising medical educators get started, Manhattan's John and Mary R. Markle Foundation announced awards to its sixth annual class, numbering 21 scholars. To the medical school employing each scholar, the foundation grants \$6,000 a year for five years. The schools pledge good salaries and a chance to do research; the scholars in return give up the dollar rewards of private practice.

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EDUCATION

The Witnesses

Congressional investigations of U.S. education bulldozed on last week, and U.S. educators, whether they wanted to or not, continued to make headlines. Among them:

Mrs. Hulda McGarvey Flynn, 42, for eight years (1933-41) a teacher of psychology at Mt. Holyoke and Smith, was summoned before the House Un-American Activities Committee after an FBI counterspy testified that she had once taught at the Communist-run Samuel Adams School in Boston. When Mrs. Flynn refused to say whether or not she had ever been a Communist, the committee asked her about her husband, now a psychologist at the Naval Medical Research Institute in Bethesda. Said Mrs. Flynn: "I decline to answer."

Professor Abraham Glasser, 38, of the Rutgers Law School, was called because FBI reports alleged that as a special attorney in the Department of Justice in 1938, he gave information to three OGPI agents known as "X," "Nikolai Stern" and "Ovakimian." Another Justice Department report cleared him of being a Communist agent, but recommended that he be dismissed for "careless and improper" disclosure of official information. When the committee asked whether he could identify photographs of "X" or "Stern," Glasser refused to answer. About the only thing he would say: he is not now an "actual, official, card-carrying, organizationally connected and integrated" member of the Communist Party.

Physicist Wendell H. Furry, of Harvard, one of last month's most reluctant witnesses, hinted at a change of heart. He requested the committee to grant him a return engagement in April.

President George N. Shuster of Hunter College made another sort of headline: he proposed that Senator McCarthy be investigated. "I would remind you," he told the National Civil Liberties Clearing House in Washington, "that the university has always been a forum in the presence of which the lords of the passing hour are subjected to scrutiny. No doubt the time has come to ask on what meat this our Caesar has fed, and to review his activities with the utmost objectivity, calm and chilly resolution, so that an authoritative report can be made to the people..."

What Did Caesar Say?

In the auditorium of Winthrop College (Rock Hill, S.C.), some 1,500 high-school kids gathered one morning last week for a strange affair. They had come from all over the state, chatting and giggling as merrily as if they were about to see a circus. What they actually did see was apparently just as entertaining—even though it bore the ponderous title of Fourth Annual Latin Forum.

As everyone expected, the forum was a good show; that is one thing that tiny

(5 ft. 1 in.), brown-haired Miss Donniss Martin, head of the Winthrop classics department, has always made sure of. This year she started the program off with a battle of wits, set eight quiz kids to answering such questions as: "What did Caesar say when he crossed the Rubicon? What is a Pyrrhic victory? What is the name of the three-headed dog that guarded Hades?" After that came a Latin movie about the Second Punic War, then a Plautus play called *The Twins from Syracuse*, and a rendering of the Marine song that no marine would ever recognize (*Ab audis Montezumae Tripolis ad litora...*). Finally, after singing *Te Ceno, Patria*, the audience rose to go—but not without a burst of applause for its hostess. "We love



CLASSICIST MARTIN
Up like the Phoenix.

you, Dr. Martin," cried one Latin teacher. "Goodbye... Goodbye," shouted the kids, "see you in 1954."

South Carolina's Latin teachers have good reason to love Dr. Martin, for most of them agree that if it were not for her, there would be precious little Latin at all in the state. She has trained a third of the state's Latin teachers, has kept a whole generation of Winthrop girls flocking to the classics, "Latin," says she, "is a tough language. It's tough to learn, but it's just as tough to kill."

A daughter of a small-town Missouri banker, Donniss Martin majored in Latin, Greek and archaeology at the University of Missouri, went on to Cornell for her Ph.D., then a year of study at the American Academy in Rome. At Winthrop, where she has been since 1920, "Little Doc" is a campus fixture.

In class, she bounces about like a woman pursued; outside, she is apt to be found throwing an apian party, serving her guests dishes of honey just the way the



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Arthur Siegel

SUPERINTENDENT HUNT

His words had a double meaning.

Romans did. She has helped organize Latin Weeks in 30 different states, still keeps up a lively correspondence with teachers all over her own state. Last week, in a typical fit of enthusiasm, she told her forum audience: "I feel as if Latin, like the Phoenix, is arising from the ashes." In South Carolina, thanks to Dr. Martin, it apparently is.

Goodbye to Chicago

When breezy Superintendent Herold C. Hunt first blew into Chicago in 1947, he found himself at the head of just about the sorriest school system in the country. It was riddled with corruption, its buildings were shabby, its textbooks antiquated; 4,000 of its teachers held nothing more than temporary certificates that could be revoked on a politician's whim. Non-teaching jobs were given out by patronage, and the third floor of the administration building was notorious as a distribution center of political plums. Things were so bad that the powerful North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools came very near to placing Chicago on its blacklist.

An old hand at superintending—in Kalamazoo, Mich., New Rochelle, N.Y., and Kansas City, Mo.—Hunt started setting things to rights. A friendly, glad-handing Rotarian ("It's not what you eat that makes ulcers, but what eats you"), he could be ruthless if necessary. He put school jobs under civil service, withdrew temporary certificates, set up a series of stiff examinations for prospective teachers. He doubled his budget to \$146 million, started a \$50 million building program, streamlined his schools from top to bottom. He raised teachers' salaries almost 50%, relieved them once and for all from political pressure. "They'd come to me," he recalls, "and say: 'Do I still have to kick in to my ward captain? Do I have to ring doorbells in the next election?'"

And I would tell them: 'Those days are gone forever.'"

Last week those words had a double meaning in Chicago: his mission accomplished, Herold Hunt resigned to become Charles W. Eliot professor at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. Though he will probably have to take a 50% cut in his \$30,000 salary, Hunt is looking forward to his new job. "I want to give back to education," he says, "the lessons I've learned in the last 30 years." As anyone in Chicago could testify, that would be quite a dose, even for Harvard.

The Wasteland

Americans do a lot of worrying about waste of the nation's natural resources, but few give much thought to waste of its human beings. Last week, with the publication of its first major report—*The Uneducated*, by Sociologists Eli Ginzberg and Douglas W. Bray (Columbia; \$4.50)—Columbia University's Conservation of Human Resources Project gave the U.S. some worrisome facts and figures:

¶ Of 18 million men examined for military service during World War II, one in every twelve turned out to be illiterate, semi-literate, or mentally deficient. In 1941, 12% of all employed males in the country had less than five years of schooling.

¶ A goodly share of the uneducated came from the Southeast, partly because of discrimination against Negroes. During the war, two out of ten Southern Negroes were rejected for "educational deficiency," compared to only one Northern or Western white in 100.

¶ Another pocket of illiteracy is the Spanish American population (in the five counties of Texas with the highest rejection rate of 40% or more, 70% of the people were Spanish speaking). Still another: the Navajos, with an illiteracy rate in 1941 of approximately 90%.

¶ Because of the growing tendency on the part of industry to reject illiterates, many of the uneducated are forced to become agricultural migrants. This, says the report, helps to explain the fact that each year "125,000 illiterate children are moving past the compulsory [school] attendance ages . . . It is not comforting to realize that the Federal Government spends many times as much on assistance to migratory birds as on assistance to the children of migratory families."

Anti-Schmutz

Alarmed at the rate their children were devouring lurid tales of jungle kings and spacemen, parents of Bremen, Germany, hit upon a novel scheme for ridding the city of *Schund* (trash) and *Schmutz* (smut). Any child, they announced, who turned in four comics would get one small classic in return; any child with 25 comics would get a big book. By the end of two days last week, the kids had turned in 55,000 comics, made such a dent in Bremen's supply of *Alice in Wonderland*, *Treasure Island* and *Gulliver's Travels* that the city sent out an emergency call for more.



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THE THEATER

The Comic Spirit

(See Cover)

In her very first try at the stage, when she was a college freshman, Rosalind Russell confidently expected and got the leading role. Cast as St. Francis Xavier, she was required in one scene to whip herself with a knotted rope. She performed the act with such energy and realism that "they all cried and I was invited to do more plays." She adds: "It was marvelous—you got excused from everything."

This first triumph was marked by three characteristics which have guided Rosalind Russell's theatrical career ever since. She has 1) bubbling confidence, 2) boundless energy, and 3) a shrewd sense of what is best for Rosalind Russell. Last week in Manhattan, she was again exhibiting all

Eileen, starring this year's Oscar-winning Shirley Booth (see CINEMA). Rosalind played the movie version in 1942 and has played the role of Ruth in a dozen radio broadcasts. Though always successful, the show was never the smash that it is today, dressed up in Leonard Bernstein's bright music and with the addition of gracefully ungainly Musicomedienne Russell.

Not everyone shared Ros's early confidence about the show. When she sang for her father-in-law, Nightclub Baritone Carl Brisson, he held his temples and cried: "Are you going to bring that voice to Broadway?" Her gravelly, one-note vocalizing has been compared to the Ambrose Lightship calling to its mate. One critic thought that she sounded like "a raven with a throat condition." Ros (pronounced Roz) concedes that "I don't sing. I gargle."



ROSALIND RUSSELL (ALOFT) IN "WONDERFUL TOWN"

Morris Beck—FFG

With open-armed abandon, from the snickers to the belly to the buff.

three as the star of *Wonderful Town*, the highest hit of the Broadway season. Though she can neither sing nor dance, Ros has confidently and energetically sung & danced her way into the most enthusiastic rave reviews in recent memory. The *Times's* Brooks Atkinson, who declared that Rosalind "radiates the genuine comic spirit," demanded that she be elected President of the U.S. The *Herald Tribune's* Walter Kerr happily surrendered to her "open-armed abandon." The other critics' superlatives ranged from "terrific" to "extraordinarily charming" and "thoroughly delightful."

Honest Exuberance. *Wonderful Town* is a simple musical fable about two venturesome Ohio sisters who invade Manhattan. One (Edith Adams) has a come-hither eye; the other (Rosalind Russell) has a go-to-manner. Based on the humorous *New Yorker* short stories by Ruth McKenney, the show has had a long dramatic history; it was a 1940 Broadway hit as *My Sister*

How, then, account for her success? Says Critic Kerr: "Instead of attacking a song, she inhabits one, moving around in it with such confidence, grace and honest exuberance as to make it entirely her own." So eager is the public to hear Ros and the rest of the cast that the show is playing to standing room, sold out for the next 5 weeks and orders have been taken for as far ahead as New Year's Eve. Decca Records is snowed under with 100,000 advance orders for the *Wonderful Town* album—a bigger advance sale than was chalked up by the hit albums of *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*, *Gypsy*, and *Dolls*, or *The King and I*.

The packed houses at *Wonderful Town* are as entranced by Rosalind's creaky dancing as by her croaking voice. Any one of the 13 chorus girls can dance better than she does. But, like such great performers as Ethel Merman and Bea Lillie, Rosalind Russell represents the triumph of personality over technique: she communicates to

her audience all the rewarding warmth and humor of shared experience.

Like Champagne. For Rosalind, *Wonderful Town* is a Broadway homecoming after an 18-year absence. During her Hollywood exile she appeared in 40 movies, fought her way to stardom as an accomplished, but badly type-cast, comedienne, and saw her movie career almost dwindle away into a nothingness of unexciting parts. Says Ros: "I've played 19 career women and I'm tired of it. After all, you can only get a pompadour so high. The plot was always the same, and I used to even get the same desk in each picture."

Those who have known Ros longest and best say that her part in *Wonderful Town* is simply an enlargement of her own personality. She has always been forthright, both "musically and noisily inclined," and has operated under a full head of steam. After the opening, she cried: "Imagine! They're paying me all this money to do the things I do at parties for free!" She is famous in Hollywood for her ability to clown a dying party back on to its feet. Loretta Young recalls that at many a fading soirée, Ros has come up to her and urged: "Oh, let's save it! What can we think up?" (One gathering got off to a bright start when Ros and Loretta appeared as the Toni Twins.) Van Johnson's wife Evie says: "I don't think I've ever seen her out of sorts. She's buoyant, like champagne." Ros's party gags, even in touchy Hollywood, make few enemies. The reason, thinks Loretta, is that "Rosalind is always Ros. She has a natural instinct for ridiculing herself and not anyone else."

Sudden Tears. At first meeting, Comedienne Russell seems to be all legs and six feet tall (her actual height: 5 ft. 6½ in.; weight, 113 lbs.). Her dark hair is worn short. Her skin has an Irish whiteness, with a memory of freckles across the nose, and her eyes widen and contract with theatrical exaggeration to accent the tumbling flow of her talk. When she tells an anecdote, gesturing extravagantly, she plays all the roles involved, right down to such spear-carriers as waiters and scrubwomen.

Despite the confident surface, her friends insist that Ros is a chronic worrier who sometimes gives way to spells of brooding and sudden tears. Her religion (Roman Catholic) bulks large in her life, and she is apt to describe her favorite priests as "living saints." But to religion, as to everything else, she brings a measure of humorous detachment: she once dubbed her flossy Beverly Hills parish church "Our Lady of the Cadillacs." She is a tireless do-gooder and works actively for 30 charitable and civic activities. Usually she volunteers for the least popular job of all—raising money.

Bleeding Toes. Rosalind's tireless energy was bred in the bone. She was born 45 years ago in Waterbury, Conn., the fourth of seven children ("I'm the ham in the middle") of Clara and James Edward Russell, a prosperous lawyer. She was named, not for Shakespeare's heroine, but for the S.S. *Rosalind*, a boat that once carried Father & Mother Russell on a vacation voyage to Nova Scotia.

Ros was brought up in a pleasant 13-room Victorian house, trimmed with gargoyles and stained glass. She had three lively brothers and three pretty sisters, a father who was full of ideas (children should have "all the freedom that is compatible with good manners, ethical conduct, and family honor"), a peppery mother, and a sentimental, 200-lb. Irish cook to run to whenever a spanking threatened.

At the family dinner table, Ros sat opposite a bullet mirror and practiced crossing her eyes and making the faces that she had found surefire in attracting her father's attention. She played billiards on the third floor with her brothers, and harmonized in the music room with her sisters. She beat out hot rhythms on her brother's trap drum and played aggressive solos on kazoo, ukulele and banjo. She admired and envied her stately older sister Clara ("The Duchess"), and made life both miserable and exciting for her younger sisters, Mary Jane and Josephine. Mary Jane recalls: "I can't count the number of dark closets Ros locked me in."

Ros enlisted early in the war between the sexes. In proving herself the equal of the neighborhood boys, she broke her left leg jumping out of a hayloft, her left wrist falling off a wall, her left collarbone tripping over a curb, her left arm twice—once falling off a horse, the other time when she was pushed off a chair. At summer camp, she was forever winning the cup as the best all-around athlete. When she was a freckled, scrawny 13, she put in a solid three months' practice on her diving to capture the championship of Laurel Beach (Conn.) from a far shapelier 18-year-old. Said Mary Jane: "They gave the cup to Ros for grit, not form." Learning the raptures of hard work, she plugged away at toe dancing until, after one long session, she could cry dramatically: "Look! My toes are bleeding!"

Except that she "always wanted to be

the boss of everything." Ros showed no particular early theatrical bent. She went to convent schools (Notre Dame Academy in Waterbury and Marymount College in Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N.Y.), and found she could get passing grades without half trying. Instead of going ice-skating on winter afternoons, she sneaked off to sigh at Rudolph Valentino movies.

She always had the self-confidence necessary to bluff her way through tough situations. At a county fair horse show, her horse went over the first jump and Ros went over the horse's head. She landed, luckily, on her feet, and turned the crowd's gasp into applause by doffing her hat and bowing as though she had intended to somersault from her mount.

Pinochle Money. When Rosalind was 19, her father died. He left an estate of close to \$500,000 and some stern injunctions to his children: they could have as much education as they wanted—but once



WITH HUSBAND & SON
Her date brought a chaperon.

graduated, they would get no money for three years. Rosalind still thinks it a wonderful will: "My father was a self-made man who'd worked his way through Yale Law School. He didn't want us to sit around, drink cocktails, play bridge, and wait for husbands. We had to get going."

Ros got going in the direction of Manhattan. She left Marymount after her sophomore year and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, explaining glibly to her puzzled mother that the voice training would help her to become a teacher. Graduating in the spring of 1929, Rosalind was impressive enough in the school's production of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* to interest a badly coordinated pair of producers from a summer theater at Saranac Lake. One partner hoped to get her for \$40 a week, but Ros talked the other partner into an offer of \$150, and hastily accepted.

In 1930 she got a fingernail grip on



WITH LORETTA YOUNG
They came to the aid of the party.

Broadway in the Theatre Guild's *Garrick Gaieties*, and was seen briefly in a 1931 flop called *Company's Coming*. But Broadway, like everything else, was sliding into the Depression. Drawing on all her confidence and energy, Ros got a job with Wee & Leventhal, who operated a cut-rate theatrical circuit covering such Broadway outposts as Brooklyn, Newark and Philadelphia. Her salary was \$45 a week, but she more than doubled it by playing better pinochle than Producer Leventhal on their inter-city train rides.

Ros was co-starring with Bert Lytell in *The Second Man* when she was spotted by a scout for Universal Pictures. He dangled a Hollywood offer before her, but Ros sat down to read all the fine print and suggested a few hardheaded revisions. They finally settled on giving her an expenses-paid trip to the West Coast and a flat fee of \$700 for each screen test.

What's Wrong? No one at Universal's Hollywood studios seemed to know quite what to do with Ros. She got plenty of screen tests, but in most of them sat with her back to the camera feeding lines to a succession of potential Universal leading men. She shared an apartment with Charlotte Winters (now married to Actor Barton MacLane), and chummed with Nedda Harrigan (now married to Producer-Director Joshua Logan). She also had time to investigate a phenomenon that had been puzzling her for some time: why, she wanted to know, did men swarm around girls like her two friends and her sister Clara, and not around a girl like Rosalind Russell? "What do I do wrong?" she asked Charlotte Winters. After a thoughtful pause, Charlotte replied: "Ros, you just talk too much."

Typically, Ros used this information not to change her talkative nature but to drag her two friends into helping her write a wordy, autobiographical play called *The Winter Tale*. Its heroine's misadven-



WITH SISTER KENNY
An M4 tank had lonely eyes.

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tures were strikingly like those that afflict Ros in *Wonderful Town* when she sings "One Hundred Easy Ways to Lose a Man."

Rosalind's best bit of acting was done off-camera. Dissatisfied with her treatment at Universal, she wasted no time brooding. M-G-M offered her a part in *Evelyn Prentice*, but first she had to find some way of getting a release from Universal. Rosalind made an appointment with Carl Laemmle Jr., then Universal's general manager. Because she had been told that he liked beautiful women, she put on an old dress ("It had a wide boat-neck that showed all my collarbones"), greased her hair with Vaseline, wore an unbecoming hat and dirty white shoes, twisted her stockings to make the seams crooked. She shuffled into Laemmle's office, slouched awkwardly on a couch and whined: "I wanta get outa here. I'm not happy here." He took one good look and was glad to let her go to M-G-M.

Threat to Myrna Loy. Her first films were an undistinguished lot. Hollywood's top leading ladies in the 1930s were sexy types. Ros was valuable as one of the few actresses around with excellent taste in clothes and the figure (stately, but not sexy) to wear them. Usually, she played the girl who didn't get the man ("I was Myrna Loy's threat").

Her first big hit was in George Kelly's *Craig's Wife*. She had fought against taking the part of the frigid, too-neat Harriet Craig, because "I thought it would hurt me as a comedienne." It may have hurt her; six pictures later, she all but missed getting the rich, sharp-tongued comedy part of Sylvia Fowler in Clare Boothe's *The Women*. Director George Cukor doubted that Ros was comedienne enough for the role. She met the challenge with her usual determination by acting one scene from the script in six different comedy ways. Cukor gave in.

Of the 135 actresses (including Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Paulette Goddard) in *The Women*, Rosalind Russell is the one usually best remembered by the millions who saw the picture. She became firmly established as the idol of a generation of less-than-beautiful movie-going girls who had to use smart clothes and bright chatter to lure men away from more luscious-looking females.

The Women was also directly responsible for ending Ros's career as Hollywood's No. 1 Bachelor Girl. In 1939, a Danish-born theatrical agent named Frederick Brisson was crossing the Atlantic on the overcrowded, submarine-dodging S. S. *Washington*. His deck chair was just outside the main lounge where *The Women*, the only film aboard, was played and replayed endlessly throughout the stormy crossing. Says Brisson: "I'd hear those screaming voices. I couldn't stand it. After the 12th or 13th day, I went in to see it. I saw every other performance until we docked in New York. By then, I liked it. I particularly like Rosalind. 'There's a girl I've got to meet,' I said to myself."

A Smile for Cary. In Hollywood, Brisson moved in with his friend Cary Grant, who was making *His Girl Friday* with



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Rosalind Russell. One night when Grant had a date with Ros, he brought Brissson along. Ros says: "I opened my door with a big smile for Cary, and then I saw this other fellow with him. 'Great!' I thought, 'I have a date with Cary Grant and he brings a chaperon.'"

For the next few months, Brissson phoned regularly for dates of his own. Just as regularly, Ros said no. Today, she is still impressed by the mysteries of love. "All of a sudden," she recalls, "I found myself saying yes to Freddy and no to other people." She gestures, helplessly: "Then we got hitched."

Freddy Brissson, who went to work as a Hollywood agent, is resigned to being introduced as "Rosalind Russell's husband." Before they were married, he was usually introduced as his father's brother, because Singer Carl Brissson feared that having a grown son might handicap his career.

Family Split. *The Women* was followed by such hits as *His Girl Friday*, *Take a Letter, Darling*, and *My Sister Eileen*. But Ros was also making such duds as *No Time for Comedy* and *They Met in Bombay*. She says, jauntily, "I'll match my flops with anybody," and adds: "There are only two ways to get ahead in Hollywood. You either have to get one great picture a year—these propel you forward—or your impact has to be made with a lot of pictures." Ros, of necessity, chose the second way, and was realist enough to know that not all the pictures would be good.

During the war, her husband went into uniform (he became a lieutenant colonel in the Army Air Force radio unit), and Ros was off on USO shows, telling jokes and singing *Baby, That's a Wolf*. In Washington, she met Mamie Eisenhower. They took an instant shine to each other: Mamie asked Ros to tea, and Ros asked Mamie to dinner. She did not meet the General until three years later.

An early rider on the Eisenhower bandwagon, Ros raced to New York for the Madison Square Garden rally for Ike, and campaigned vigorously up & down California. Her superb money-raising techniques were put to work for the Republicans. Her only campaign failure: she was unable to corral her family into a solid bloc behind her candidate. Sister Mary Jane stubbornly voted for Stevenson.

Never-Never Land. Rosalind's son, Lance, was born in 1943, and the following year she had a nervous breakdown. "I just got up one morning, and fell in a heap." The collapse put Ros in the hospital for three weeks and "slowed me up long enough to realize that after a wonderful career you either retire or go on to something you've never undertaken before. I was forced to meditate on the never-never land I was living in—it's part climate, part bank account, part self." Even faced by these unaccustomed self-doubts, Ros still felt master of her destiny. She began looking for a play to do on Broadway.

But first, she had to win a battle for Sister Kenny (Ros had met her in 1940.



YOUNG RUSSELLS (CIRCA 1910)*
"We had to get going."

"She looked like an M4 tank, but her eyes were the loneliest and loveliest I've ever looked into"). Ros became a passionate supporter of the Kenny method of treating infantile paralysis. She begged everyone she knew to help her make a movie about the Australian nurse. She finally wore down Charles Koerner, then production head of RKO Radio, and browbeat Dudley Nichols into directing the picture. It was a financial failure, but Ros still ranks it as one of her two favorite movies (the other: *His Girl Friday*, a remake of *The Front Page*, in which Ros brilliantly played a female Hildy Johnson).

Nonetheless, it began a period of professional setbacks. In return for directing *Sister Kenny*, Dudley Nichols asked Rosalind to appear in his production of Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Ros felt that she had to agree, but told her good friend Loretta Young: "I can't im-

* James, Clara, John, Rosalind.



IN "THE WOMEN"
She enlisted early.

agine what I'm doing in this picture—it's all hate!" *Mourning Becomes Electra* proved an even bigger financial flop than *Sister Kenny*. These disasters steered Ros's determination to return to the stage. While feverishly reading playscripts, she contributed to her movie decline with *The Velvet Touch*, *Tell It to the Judge*, and *Woman of Distinction* (in which she was cast as a TIME cover girl—see Publisher's Letter).

Get the Feel. She credits Joshua Logan with steering her away from a too hasty assault on Broadway. He advised: "Get the feel of an audience again. Listen to it. Practice on the road and see what comes of it." Rosalind went on tour in John van Druten's *Bell, Book and Candle*. The reviews were consistently good, but she thinks she was terrible for the first three months: "I'd become sluggish working with the camera. The stage demands that you use 42 new muscles and you can't let down for one minute." After three months, she felt she had learned again how to play with other actors and was re-learning how to get laughs: "You have to build it from the snickers to the belly to the boff. Sometimes you lose it and get nothing—then you have to work to get it back." The show cost \$14,000 to put on and made \$600,000 in the 18 weeks that Ros was in it. Most important, the tour got "the kinks" out of her body and helped her make a smash success of *Wonderful Town*.

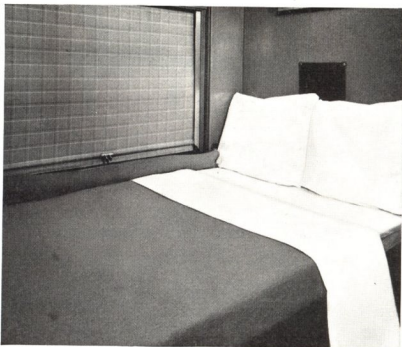
One More Year. The show's producer, Robert Fryer, says that no one but Rosalind Russell was ever considered for the part of Ruth in *Wonderful Town*. Joseph Fields, who wrote the book with Jerome Chodorov, has never met anyone as quick and bright in the theater: "Ros learned her part in two days and was tireless in rehearsals." She also worked herself into the flu in the New Haven tryout and went on opening night with a temperature of 103°. There was more trouble: a chorus boy had dropped her during the conga and in Boston she was treated for a sprained back. The cast held its collective breath until she was up and around again.

By last week, adaptable Ros was happily adjusted to Manhattan living. She is looking for a new apartment and impatiently awaiting the arrival of her husband and nine-year-old son. She claims not to miss her immaculate, airy, French Provincial home in Beverly Hills, her swimming pool, or the happy round of dinner parties. Meanwhile, she is catching up on family reunions: her 78-year-old mother, her sister Josephine and her lawyer brother James still live in or near Waterbury. Her sisters Clara (who became an editor of *Town & Country*) and Mary Jane (who was once a LIFE researcher) are both married to the presidents of Manhattan advertising agencies. Brother John is with the Internal Revenue Service; brother George is with General Foods.

Rosalind's contract calls for her to remain with *Wonderful Town* for at least a year. She insisted on a clause permitting her to take time off (and make it up later) just in case she wants to do a movie for her husband, whose Independent Artists,



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Inc. produced the recently released *Never Have at a WAC*, starring Rosalind Russell. What time she has left over from performing in *Wonderful Town*, she spends making speeches, shopping and going to parties, attending civic luncheons, visiting hospitals. With a twinkle in her eye, she faces the future with bubbling confidence, boundless energy, and that shrewd sense of what is best for Rosalind Russell.

New Play in Manhattan

Camino Real is Playwright Tennessee Williams' most agitated protest and least effective play. In it Williams is in flight, more than ever before, from theatrical realism. At the same time, he is appalled as never before by reality itself. Using the gaudiest of theater tricks—florid language, *Hellzapoppin* explosions, surrealist juxtapositions—he has shattered the familiar outer shell of life to reveal decadence and rottenness within. But in doing so, he has partly succumbed as a writer to what as a moralist he would expose.

Though time & place are deliberately not specified in *Camino Real*, they seem modern and Mexican. The scene is a fortresslike, claustrophobic public square featuring such darkly symbolic places as a luxury hotel, a flophouse, a brothel, a pawnshop, and such darkly symbolic figures as a callous worldling who spits on common humanity, Storm-Trooperish policemen who cudgel it, street cleaners who cart its bodies off to the city dump. Around an arriving young American prizefighter with a bad heart flow loan sharks, plutocrats, cooch dancers, madams, homosexuals, a Casanova on his uppers, a Camille who herself must buy love, a Lord Byron who escapes to Greece for an ideal, a Don Quixote who offers the escape of illusions.

Williams has created a phantasmagoria of brutality, treachery, corruption, has doused it with sex, punctuated it with farce, dyed it in melodrama. Doubtless the play is at times revolting because it sets out to convey the author's own revulsion; and *Camino Real* is perhaps excessively pessimistic in reaction against Williams' previous *Rose Tattoo*, with its factitious "affirmation." But very excessive it is—and not only excessively black, but excessively purple. *Camino Real* lacks philosophic or dramatic progression (on that score, it might claim the dead-endness of a wasteland), but it also lacks all discipline and measure, so that the wasteland becomes a swamp.

What makes the play ultimately unacceptable is not that it is often dull and even more often arty, but that it exposes decadence with decadent means. Lush and sensational, it uses its material as theatrical hooch; it spells out every sentence and then adds exclamation points. Causes are forgotten in the passion for effects; a vision of Hell dwindles into a Grand Guignol. Elia Kazan has directed the play vividly as a theater piece; he doubtless could not help adding glare to what cries out for shade.



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SPORT

The Braves Go West

The National League last week gave Lou Perini, owner of the Boston Braves, the kind of green light that the American League had just refused to Bill Veck and the St. Louis Browns (TIME, March 23): permission to move his franchise. Hereafter, Perini & Co. will be known as the Milwaukee Braves, Milwaukee's minor-league Brewers will move to Toledo.

Amateurs Abroad

Few tourists, except retired multimillionaires, could ever find time or money to travel so high, wide and handsomely as 29-year-old Tennis Star Victor Seixas (No. 2 in U.S. rankings), who is semi-retired but not rich. In the past twelve months, Tourist Seixas has visited (in the order of his major appearances) Miami, Palm Beach, Havana, Bermuda, London, Wimbledon, Montreal, Southampton, Newport, Boston, Forest Hills, Los Angeles, Mexico City, Honolulu, Auckland and Melbourne. A trip to South America in 1948, to South Africa in 1950, and wartime duty in Japan (as a test pilot for the Air Service Command) round Vic out as a six-continent man. (There has never been a tennis tournament in Antarctica.)

During his past year's globe-trotting, Vic took his pretty wife Dolly Ann along, got feted in the most fashionable hostilities, was well reimbursed for what few tabs he picked up—and earned no reportable income. Last week Vic and Dolly Ann dropped in at San Juan, Puerto Rico. Also on hand, amidst palm-shrouded splendor, for the first annual Caribe Hilton (Hotel) Invitation Tournament were creaky (39) but top-ranked Gardner Mulloy, Art Larsen (No. 3) and Billy Talbert (No. 6). As usual, they came to play a little tennis and also just to play. Their daily regimen was elegantly simple: breakfast in bed or on private balconies, sunbathing on the cabana-fringed beach, lunch, a little tennis, more sunbathing, dining & dancing, bed.

Last January, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association repealed its eight-week-a-year limitation on acceptance of invitation tournament expenses by the U.S.'s star players. Even before, however, gadabouts like Seixas & Co. were not much restricted in their gadding. The U.S.L.T.A.'s "emancipation proclamation" merely changed the text to fit long-existing facts. Whenever the eight weeks' rule was not honored in the breach, it was usually bypassed with exceptions. The tennis tourist's new year-round freedom to live off the fat of many lands will, nonetheless, add many new steps to old itineraries. Davis Cup Team Captain Seixas sees himself as a sort of ambassador. Says he: "You are not playing just for yourself, but for your country."

In San Juan, Ambassador Seixas teamed up with Larsen to beat Mulloy and Talbert, capture the men's doubles title. Then

Vic headed off for London again—via Florida, Texas, Rome, Paris and other continental points. Some distant day, when he finally finds his play "slipping," Vic plans to go to work in his father's Philadelphia wholesale plumbing and heating supply company.

Two-Wheeler Experts

On a griddle-flat stretch of Florida coast just south of Daytona Beach one day last week, the air was split by the thunder of 111 motorcycles revving up at once. A white flag waved, and four ranks of cyclists in crash helmets and goggles blasted off along the rock-hard sand. Ahead lay 48 laps of speed work on a 4.2-mile course—and a chance at the National Motorcycle Championship.

Some 13,000 paying customers ranged along the course were soon getting their

with a dead magneto. Five laps later the defending champion, 23-year-old Dick Klamfoth of Groveport, Ohio, plowed into another cycle. He was hurtled into the trackside brush and walked away with nothing worse than bruises, but his English-made Norton was wrecked.

Refueling in 22 Seconds. Some of the wise money was bet on cyclists using the hardy Nortons and other British makes (Triumphs, BSAs); Nortons have won in four of the last six Nationals. But no machine was better than its rider or his breaks. There were three deaths, a cracked skull, one broken leg. The race's worst accident came when a spectator stepped out unwarily into the path of Clifford Farwell; both the spectator and Cyclist Farwell were killed.

Just before the halfway mark, 28-year-old Paul Goldsmith, a gas-station owner from Royal Oak, Mich., riding in second place, pulled up at the pits to refuel. In just 22 seconds he took on four gallons of



Jack Jesse—Daytona Beach News-Journal
GOLDSMITH (No. 3) TAKING SOUTH TURN AT DAYTONA
The red flags were waving early.

money's worth. Roaring up the beach straightaway on the first lap, the pack hit close to 115 m.p.h., slowed to 60 for the first turn. Some cyclists failed to hit their brakes hard enough, approaching the curves, and skidded against the railings. As they jockeyed back into the path of their onrushing rivals, officials frantically waved red warning flags, and the crowd squealed.

Into the Brush. The 111 riders thus risking their necks were the cream of the American Motorcycle Association's 7,000 clubs and 100,000 members. From all over the U.S. they came—lean, leather-skinned young men, none of them professional riders, most of them temporary escapees from workaday jobs as mechanics, farmers or motorcycle dealers.

In such races as the 200-mile National, riders rely on themselves for only a rough third of their success, count for the rest on their cycles and their luck. Some of this year's hotshots were out of the running early. The No. 1 favorite, wispy Bobby Hill of Columbus, Ohio, winner of five top races last year, went out on Lap 10

gas, two quarts of oil, a cup of black coffee, and sped on again. On his medium-sized (350 lbs.) new American model, a Harley-Davidson KR7T, which had such standard equipment as four-gear transmission and some unique features of its own (a foot shift, a hand clutch), Goldsmith finally lapped most of the field.

Opening up, he showed the way home for the thinned-out field (only 39 of the 111 finished) in the record average time of 94.42 m.p.h. Grimy but grinning, Goldsmith accepted his first big prize (\$2,500) in seven years of racing.

Scoreboard

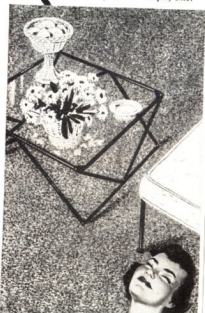
¶ In Buffalo, the mile-relay team of Manhattan's Grand Street Boys Club (Olympic Champions Herb McKenley, Andy Stanfield, George Rhoden and Mal Whitfield) breezed through their event in 3 min. 14.4 sec., an unofficial indoor record.

¶ In Kansas City, Mo., the Indiana University basketball team took a seesaw thriller from the University of Kansas, 69-68, to win the N.C.A.A. title.

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THE PRESS

"A Shocking Phenomenon"

When Americans criticize the British press, Fleet Streeters often angrily view it as some kind of special American "prejudice." But last week the British press was keel-hauled by one of its own members: the *Manchester Guardian's* U.S. correspondent, Alistair Cooke. Delivering a Joseph Medill Patterson journalism lecture at Fordham University, Cooke pointed out that the British press has deteriorated a great deal since the late 19th century, when newspapers tried to be "a guide to the good life."

"The deterioration of the popular press in England is a shocking phenomenon of modern journalism . . . I think the phrase 'gutter press' could have been invented for the modern English tabloid. The British . . . took the American tabloid and they lowered their sights. They de-improved it. It is something that has to be seen to be believed . . . The curious thing is that, when an Englishman imitates an American tabloid, he is five times worse than anything an American would tolerate."

Cooke, who has covered the U.S. for 16 years and is now an American citizen (*TIME*, March 19, 1951), also paid his respects to the U.S. press. Like the British press, U.S. papers are suffering from "monopoly and consolidation." The "variety of American newspapers is shrinking disastrously. Not one American in maybe 70 or 80 has much of a choice in his own town . . . of getting two sides of the news, or even two comments on the news. What I'm afraid of is that there are generations of Americans growing up who not only don't respect diversity of opinion but who don't know what it is . . . We are flattering ourselves if we think that the American is a particularly well-informed man."

Converted Wise Guy

As columnist for the Scripps-Howard chain and 152 other newspapers around the U.S., Robert Ruark, 37, makes close to \$75,000 a year with a brew of simple ingredients. "I'm cute, angry, loud, puckyish or perverse every day in print," he says. But Ruark feels he has outstayed his welcome as a New York columnist. Furthermore, he isn't "having any fun."

Last week, back in Manhattan from an African hunting trip, he announced that he is pulling up stakes, moving to Rome, and radically changing his column. Says he: "I don't think a man can be a fresh, provocative writer in the same pattern for more than seven or eight years. And I think the public is getting tired of being told what's what by pundits and columnists like me . . . I have a yen to be what I was [*i.e.*, a reporter] before public demand perverted me into a wise guy."

Instead of writing his weighty opinions on women, politics and Scotch-on-the-rocks, Ruark is going back to reporting, and expects to cut his column from five



RUARK & FRIEND IN AFRICA
He has a yen.

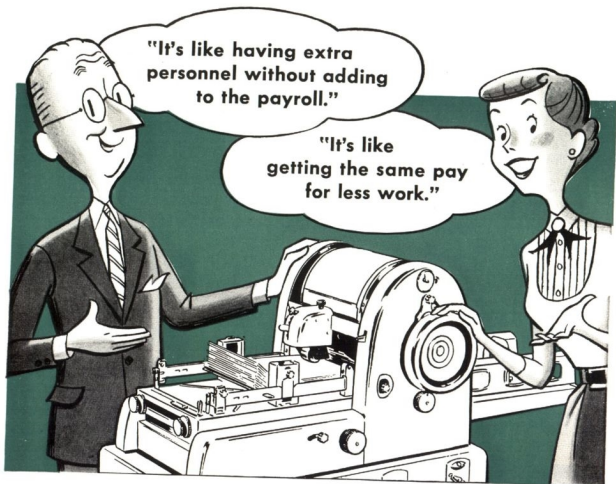
times a week to three, make it a "kind of global feature," reporting what he sees. From his base camp in Rome (where he will pay no U.S. income tax), Ruark plans to travel the world, starting off in Spain "to fish and see the bullfights."

The Pope of Fleet Street

H. G. Wells called him "the most dangerous man in London." Madame Tussaud modeled him in wax. "Hannen Swaffer," said Press Lord Beaverbrook, "is the greatest personality that has walked down Fleet Street in our time." London's *World's Press News* called him "more abused, praised, hated and feared than any journalist living."

Last week, still walking down Fleet Street at 73, abused and hated Hannen Swaffer stalked over to the Savoy for more concentrated praise than he had ever heard at one time. A *Who's Who* of British press and theater had gathered to toast his 50th year in Fleet Street. The *Daily Express's* Frank Owen, who years ago dubbed Swaffer "the Pope of Fleet Street," recalled the first sentence of Swaffer's verbal autobiography: "I was born in 1879, as was Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Camrose, Lady Astor, Joseph Stalin. What a vintage year!" Replied Hannen Swaffer: "You may wonder why I still persist in going to the office every day. Without that I should die."

Whetted Knife. Thousands have often wished him dead long since. In his 50 newspaper years, acid-penned Swaffer made so many enemies that he once thought it unsafe to enter the Savoy. He often headed his column: "People Who Are Not Speaking to Me." He started out as a reporter at 16 on the Folkestone *Express* in his native Kent, joined Lord Northcliffe's *Daily Mail* in 1903 and



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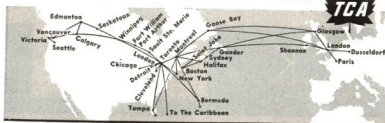
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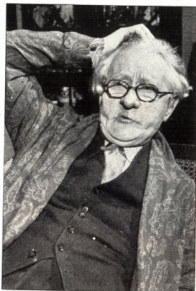
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started a chit-chat column. He quickly learned that vinegar will catch more flies than honey.

"I invented the gossip column," he says, and adds: "I was the real creator of daily illustrated journalism." He doesn't overstate it much. In 1905, as news and an editor of Northcliffe's *Mirror*, London first picture tabloid, he helped it to pass the *Daily Mail's* circulation, which had been the world's biggest. But he really came into his own in 1926, after Northcliffe's death, when Beaverbrook hired him as drama critic of the *Express*.

Since he felt that "an artist must also be a personality," he fashioned a personality of his own. He let his hair grow down over his ears, wore a gates-ajar collar, a flowing tie, funereal black hat, and dropped cigarette ashes all over himself. Aspiring journalists began copying his



Larry Burrows

COLUMNIST SWAFFER

"I judge people by my liver."

curt prose and his garb. Said the *Manchester Guardian*: "He taught Fleet Street that a gossip column should be written . . . with more candor than charity. He got up on stilts to teach reporters how to get off their knees in the presence of the powerful."

If admirers copied him, actors and managers feared him. At one time he was barred from twelve theaters. In 1929, he "sloshed" American Actress Lillian Foster so hard ("a voice like a ventriloquist's doll") that she cornered him at his table in the Savoy and slapped him. "Throw this woman out!" cried Swaffer. The headwaiter did. Three years ago, when Miss Foster died, Swaffer's lead on his story was: "This is the obituary of a very clever actress who ruined herself by slapping my face."

"I Told Him," Swaffer freely admitted that his verdicts were capricious: "I judge people by my liver." After damning a show which he had verbally praised, Swaffer apologized to the manager: "When I

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A message of interest to those who would safeguard the futures of their families

by **EDWARD EAGLE BROWN**, Chairman of the Board, First National Bank of Chicago

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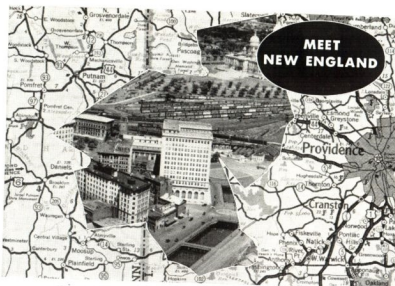
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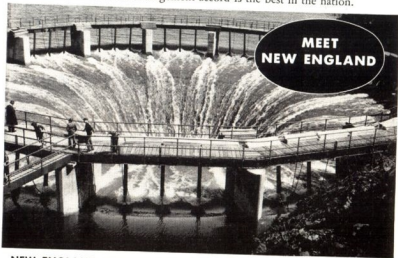
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sit down to write my criticism, the devil takes possession of me." Actor-Author Noel Coward once refused him first-night tickets, said he couldn't act if Swaffer was in the theater. "You're a better actor than you are a writer," Swaffer told him. Snapped Coward: "So are you."

In 1931, Swaffer grew sick of the theater ("I knew all the tricks, I knew every plot"). Turned Socialist-minded by the Depression, he quit the *Express* to try his hand at politics in the *Laborite Herald*. But his new column, like the old, was mainly about Swaffer's likes & dislikes; the change was so slight that actors hardly realized he had "stopped" being a critic. The column's I-studded name-dropping led one magazine to run a contest on how Swaffer would start his column if Press Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere were killed simultaneously in an accident. The winning lead: "Why is everybody so quiet tonight?" said the Aga Khan as we went into supper at the Savoy. I told him . . ."

Swaffer became a militant crusader for everything from Socialism to spiritualism. He claimed credit for driving stripteasers off the London stage, attacked *Hellszapopin* for its vulgarity, denounced other "second rate" American importations, fought rodeos as cruel to animals.

As honorary president of the Spiritualists' National Union, he found séances more rewarding than Socialism, began holding his own "home circle," where he says he established contact with John Galsworthy, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., George V, and his first boss, Lord Northcliffe. ("He gives me advice, but I tell him, 'Chief, I never obeyed you when you were alive, why should I obey you now?'") Once he invited G. B. Shaw to a séance. When Shaw replied: "I gave up table-rapping in my childhood," Swaffer wrote back: "I thought that now you are in your second childhood, you might want to give it another go."

In 1931 he took a fourth-floor walkup overlooking Trafalgar Square to "have a front seat on the revolution." But he felt cheated: "The revolution came but nobody noticed." He lives there now with his wife, Helen, who says she has to "run the Hoover over him every morning" to clean off his cigarette ashes. Married for 49 years, the Swaffers are childless.

Says Mrs. Swaffer: "One Swaffer is quite enough."

Prizes for Magazines

Although newspapermen have their annual Pulitzer Prizes, magazines and magazine writers have never had any similar awards. This week the University of Illinois announced the Benjamin Franklin Magazine Awards. Beginning in April of next year, seven prizes with a cash value of \$500 and \$1,000 will be given every year for "original reporting under adverse circumstances," best nonfiction writing on the U.S., foreign reporting, fiction, humor, personality profiles, and an open category to be named every year. There will also be one prize (gold medal) for the magazine that has performed "the most distinguished and meritorious public service."

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At Elm & Main

On the grey-green desert basin at Yucca Flat, Nev., some 1,500 G.I.s and technical observers huddled face down in deep, narrow trenches. If they were tense and nervous, they had reason. Never before had willing men waited so near the site of an imminent atomic explosion. Only two miles away, an A-bomb (officially called a "Nuclear Diagnostic Device") was perched on a tall steel tower, 300 feet above "Ground Zero."

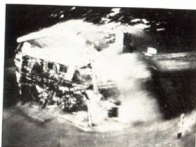
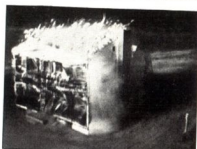
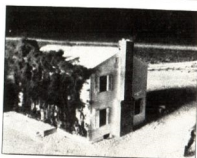
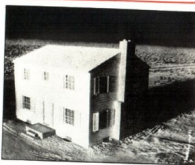
To the east, the Federal Civil Defense Administration had built a simulated suburb: two typical frame houses, looking prim and white among the yucca trees. Nearby a typical signpost read Elm & Main. Typical U.S. cars were spotted in the imaginary parking places of the imaginary town.

Inside the two houses, little had been left to the imagination. Simpering store-window dummies posed on the uncomfortable upholstery of government-surplus furniture. A laughing two-year-old perched precariously on the back of a chaise longue; a young woman postured in leg-revealing shorts. Upstairs a sleek blonde feigned innocent sleep. In one cellar, pajama-clad parents had herded their kids into wooden FCDA shelters, as if they had just been awakened by the wail of a warning siren. In every room, dummy Americans waited for the works.

New Sun. Promptly at 5:20 a.m., in pre-dawn darkness, observers stared at nothing through their heavy protective goggles and listened to the ominous "Count Down." "Zero minus five seconds," chanted the loudspeaker, "four, three, two, one, zero." There was a searing flash of light and heat like the rising of a new sun. Then a dirty orange fireball rose lazily over the desert. Now visible were the high-climbing, vertical trails left by the rockets set off to measure the passage of the shock wave (see opposite page). Almost half a minute later, the shock wave itself roared out to the observers—a violent bang and a rush of air against tense faces.

The radioactive cloud drifted eastward. A thick, dense column of dust reached into the sky behind it; below, a flat lake of dust covered vast acres of desert. An hour passed before Army helicopters brought surprisingly chipper G.I.s from the trenches. Only two miles from Ground Zero, heat and light had passed over them as they crouched face down. The grey dust cloud they saw later, they were told, was not dangerously radioactive. They had learned the lesson that atom bombs may spare careful soldiers who keep their distance and are well dug in.

Wild Contortions. Reports from the simulated suburb came in more slowly and were far less cheerful. Surface wind had carried radioactive products of the explosion away from the troops and dumped them on the houses. Three hours later the ruined structures were still radio-



"HOUSE ONE" IN CIVIL DEFENSE TEST
Like a matchbox on the table.

active. "House Two," 7,500 feet from Ground Zero, could be entered for only a few minutes; "House One," 3,500 feet from the explosion, not at all. Beams in House Two were broken or torn from their supports. Windows were gone; rooms were littered with broken glass. The smiling dummies had been tossed in wild contortions. House One looked like a match box crumpled on a table.

The dust cloud with its waning radioactivity drifted harmlessly eastward, but the ruins left behind at Yucca Flat impressed some observers more than others. For an area nearly a mile and a half long and almost as wide, the desert had been made dangerous with radioactivity. Hopefully, FCDA men announced that the bomb shelters in the cellar of House Two would have saved real inhabitants. Perhaps, said dubious AEC officials, but it would be helpful to remember a few facts. The "Diagnostic Device" was less powerful than the primitive A-bomb dropped on Nagasaki. It probably packed the punch of a single atomic artillery shell. (Its energy equivalent: 15,000 tons of TNT, as compared to 20,000 tons at Nagasaki.) In an actual attack, if an A-bomb exploded higher than 300 feet above ground, its radiation would penetrate cellar shelters with more ease.

Preservation

Not since the High Priests of Thebes labored lovingly over the corpses of Libyan Pharaohs has there been such big news in the embalming business. In Manhattan last week, Dr. Carlos José Rodríguez Fernández, a Venezuelan dentist, announced that he has concocted "a fluid which will destroy putrefaction from the face of the earth." He has the well-preserved carcasses of a donkey, a dog and a 1,500-lb. horse once ridden by Venezuela's late President Delgado-Chaibaud as mute monuments to his success.

Until he gets a patent, Dr. Rodríguez will only say that his fluid is a fast-acting dehydrant and powerful disinfectant. It can be injected intra-muscularly, intra-arterially, or simply sprayed on the body to be preserved. According to Dr. Rodríguez, it will be useful in preserving bodies on a battlefield, in criminal investigations, in autopsies and, of course, in embalming. Medical schools will be saved the expense of pickled cadavers.

Charles E. Renouard, "Dean of American Embalmers" and founder of one of the country's best embalming schools, has put the Rodríguez formula to the test. "I'm an antique in a dead business," says Renouard, "and I don't care what's in the liquid as long as it works." A well-preserved 82 himself, Renouard used the formula on 20 bodies, even kept ten of them for a week in a well-heated room. "Dr. Rodríguez," said he, "has made a real find."

Dentist Rodríguez sees little danger that indiscriminate use of his fluid will upset the earth's nitrogen cycle by cutting down the supply of decaying animal tissue. His formula, he admits, may never attain such worldwide acceptance.



ATOMIC EXPLOSION AT YUCCA FLAT

Phil Barn



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RELIGION

The Cardinal's Comeback

In his bestselling book and movie, *The Little World of Don Camillo*, Italian Author Giovanni Guareschi tells a series of stories about the bitter rivalry between a resourceful village priest and the equally resourceful Communist mayor of his town. The city of Bologna last week saw a real-life episode that might have come straight out of Don Camillo's *Little World*.

The real-life priest was no ordinary padre. He was the Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna, Giacomo Lercaro, 61, known as the most unconventional cardinal in the college and one of the most *popabile* (Italian for papal timber). Only six years ago, jovial, friendly Giacomo Lercaro was



deltafoto

CARDINAL LERCARO

Against the Reds, a Mickey Mouse.

a mere parish priest, but one who had distinguished himself as an anti-Fascist. During the war he preached outspokenly against the Germans, aided partisans and sheltered refugees so effectively that eventually he was forced to flee for his life to a monastery cell. In 1947, when the Communists were riding high, the Vatican made Father Lercaro an archbishop and packed him off to Ravenna, one of the Reddest cities in Italy.

Lercaro went to work with social action instead of pious platitudes. When the Pope gave bishops authority to pool and redistribute the income of their clergy, he was one of the few who tried it and made it work. "To everyone, something," he said. "Those who have more should not have so much." In Ravenna, not long after, the Christian Democratic vote doubled and the Communists lost control of the city. Lercaro was promptly posted to Bologna, the biggest Italian city still run by the Reds. Last January he became a cardinal.

The First Round. Cardinal Lercaro's red hat was barely two weeks old when he attempted his first major stroke of psychological warfare. There would be a huge pre-Lenten carnival for children, he announced, and it would be held in Margherita Gardens, the city park used so often for Communist rallies that Bolognesi call it "Red Gardens."

This was a direct challenge to Bologna's Communist Mayor Giuseppe Dozza, who knew all about what had happened in Ravenna. Big, smiling Comrade Dozza, 53, decided to stage a children's party of his own—a masked ball in the city's staliest chamber, the frescoed Sala Farnese, in what had once been a palace, and was now the city hall. Blandly assuring newsmen that there was no connection, he scheduled his ball for the same day as the cardinal's carnival.

When the big day came, Comrade Dozza strutted and beamed. Some 400 children romped in the Sala Farnese—some in 18th century costumes, some dressed as little workers, with appropriate red masks. Outside, Margherita Gardens lay silent and deserted under a foot of snow, while the cardinal gloomed at home. With the long, austere days of Lent stretching ahead, it looked as if there would be no carnival that year.

Cardinal Lercaro admitted that Mayor Dozza had won the round. "But it is only the first round," he said, "and the match is a long one. There will be a comeback."

The Second Round. The cardinal thought long & hard, decided to risk an unconventionality. He rescheduled his carnival for the middle of Lent.

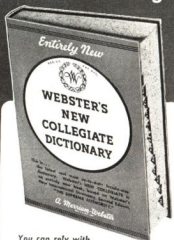
Last week the appointed day came. A cold wind swept in from the Apennines and over Margherita Gardens. But 20,000 children—and thousands of grownups—cheered and laughed and danced there; 40 floats and 200 walking masks paraded past the reviewing stand, where happy Cardinal Lercaro stood, tossing out little sacks of cookies and sweets and being pelted with confetti and rice. A few days later, on St. Joseph's Day, the cardinal again broke out his carnival displays—the giant Mickey Mouse, the enormous papier-mâché caterpillar, the ducks and the Martian flying saucers. This time, 40,000 people came for the fun, while Mayor Dozza's city police dutifully kept order.

"I am very moved," said the cardinal, flicking confetti from his round black hat.

Fighting at the Font

Have your child baptized early, the vicar of St. Saviour's in Walthamstow, England urged his parishioners. The Rev. Cyril W. Nye, 61, was not voicing concern about the little ones tossing in limbo; it was their tossing in his arms that bothered him. Said he: "Please, please try to bring your children along before they are two months old. Babies of six months and over are uncommonly awkward to handle. When the baptismal water is poured over their heads, they react

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strongly and try to get away . . . That can be quite tricky with a healthy, struggling infant. I don't mind the noise, but it's a bit too much when they try to fight the priest."

A Plane's-Eye View

Christianity's greatest missionary, St. Paul, had his hands full keeping in touch with a scattering of churches along the shores of the Mediterranean. When the president of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, Henry P. Van Dusen, took a few months off early this year for some churchy visitation he calmly set out to visit church groups on four continents and in 20 countries, a trip of some 40,000 miles. Last week in a sermon at Wellesley College, Dr. Van Dusen reported what he had found on his "plane's-eye view of Christianity around the world."

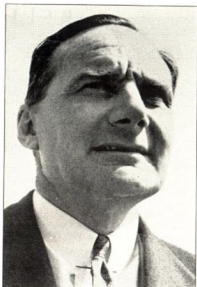
Head-Hunters & Hospitals. Everywhere he went, said Dr. Van Dusen, the Christian church was "the one resourceful, untiring, dauntless ministrant to human need—human need of all kinds." The old-fashioned picture of the missionary as a "well-intentioned but rather commonplace preacher, a Bible in one hand and an umbrella in the other, standing under a palm tree exhorting half-naked savages to discard their heathen ways" is as out of date as the daguerreotype. The typical Christian mission today is a center of three or four buildings—a hospital, a school, a church—from which a team of co-workers ("minister, doctor, nurse, school superintendent and teacher, agriculturist, social worker") moves out into the community.

In Asia, says Dr. Van Dusen, this kind of service has done much to overcome tendencies toward anti-Americanism. Even among the head-hunters in Formosa, "there is taking place today one of the most remarkable mass movements into the Christian church . . . Since the war, they have built with their own hands over 100 new churches."

In Africa, south of the Sahara and north of Natal, 85% of all school education is under missionary direction. When Dr. Van Dusen asked the director of education in the Gold Coast where he managed to get teachers to man his recently quadrupled educational program, he replied: "From the missionary training colleges. There is no other possible source."

In the Belgian Congo, 75 years after the first two (Baptist) missionaries landed there, 1,700 missionaries of 30 Protestant denominations are directing 12,000 schools with 400,000 pupils and nearly 200 hospitals and dispensaries. They are all united in one body—the Congo Protestant Council. "They baptize into one church, the Church of Christ in the Congo, one of the finest examples of Christian cooperation on earth. And they have 600,000 church members,

✱ His itinerary: Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, Indonesia, Singapore, Siam, India (where he spent two weeks at the Lucknow meetings of the World Council of Churches), Egypt, then down the east coast of Africa (Uganda, Kenya and Rhodesia) to Johannesburg and up the west coast (the Belgian and French Congos, the Cameroons, Nigeria, the Gold Coast).



Werner Wolff—Lut

DR. VAN DUSEN

One thing is everywhere the same.

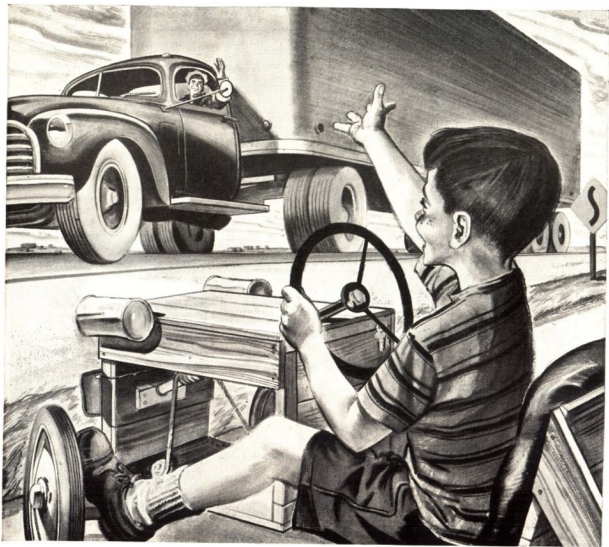
plus 300,000 inquirers, out of a population of some 12 million."

Pregnancy Preferred. The problems that beset the missions, Dr. Van Dusen found, are both old & new. The old problem of teaching sexual morality is still bafflingly difficult—especially in Africa, with its tradition of multiple marriage and its placid view of premarital and extramarital sexual relations. "One of our finest missionary nurses told me," he wrote back to friends, "that her African student nurses welcome pregnancy since it makes them more readily marriageable . . . The Paris Mission has projected a large boarding school to take little girls between six and eight years of age and keep them without ever letting them go home, until they marry, in an attempt to prepare them to become intelligent and chaste Christian wives."

Three other major factors with which the Protestant African missions will have to deal, says Dr. Van Dusen, are: 1) "the whirlwind of social, economic and political dislocations which are sweeping from the west coast eastward and southward"; 2) the multiplying activities of governments in fields previously dominated by the missions; 3) the expansion of Roman Catholicism, "especially in French, Belgian, Portuguese and Spanish territories."

Letter to Diognetus. But Van Dusen is confident of the outcome. "As one hops quickly from continent to continent and country to country, almost everything changes—climate, clothes, color of skin, customs, language, outlook. There is only one thing . . . which is everywhere the same: Christians and the Christian church . . ."

"In the second century, an unknown Christian wrote to his friend, Diognetus: 'What the soul is in the body, that Christians are in the world . . . Christians hold the world together . . . It may be that history's most important verdict upon these troubled times . . . will be: 'Christianity held the world together.'"



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MUSIC

"Very Desperate Indeed"

The house lights dimmed and the Saturday-matinee crowd at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House settled down for the second act of *Tristan and Isolde*. The orchestra launched into the prelude, played for a minute, then stopped cold. Over a loudspeaker in the opera house—and the loudspeakers of millions of radio listeners across the U.S.—came the voice of Commentator Milton Cross: "Something has happened! The orchestra has stopped."

Commentator Cross paused, let the silence sink in for several dramatic seconds. "I'm trying to find out what has happened," he continued, then told his listeners that there was no sign of an emergency. After more pregnant silence, Cross swung into a thoroughly premeditated appeal for contributions to the Metropolitan Opera Fund. His argument: the Met might really go silent some day if it doesn't get more help from the public. The strategem did not please the big crowd in the opera house. Angry at being tricked into false concern, they raised a thin chorus of boos and hisses.

General Manager Rudolf Bing's artistic conscience hurt. But, he insisted, the Met's financial situation is "very desperate indeed." The Met appealed to contributors last January for \$1,500,000, and has netted only some \$500,000 so far. Said Bing: "Money-raising in this country is a very special art. I know little about it. I didn't feel entitled to turn the suggestion down."

Kalamazoo Boy

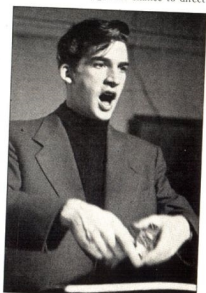
The New York City Opera swung into its spring season last week with a double bill devoted to the psychological and the tactical aspects of love. Bela Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle*, a moody, Freudian opus (TIME, Oct. 13), came first. Then, in a more frolicsome vein, came Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole*, and its story of light-hearted Spanish intrigue. Apart from the fact that both operas were done thoroughly to the first-nighters' taste, the chief interest centered on the second conductor of the evening. After Company Director Joseph Rosenstock had conducted *Bluebeard*, he turned over the baton to the youngest conductor on his staff: 23-year-old Thomas Schippers (pronounced ship-pers) of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Schippers was a fill-in. *L'Heure Espagnole* was to have been led by the veteran Tullio Serafin, 74. But Serafin was ill at his home in Italy. Until a fortnight ago, Schippers had never had Ravel's score in his hands, but he is what is known in the theater as a quick study. With his flair for the modern and his incisive baton technique, Schippers came through fine. Ravel's music sparkled, and the cast matched it with high-spirited singing and acting.

Schippers has been a conductor, and one to reckon with, since he turned 20. Up to

now, however, he has been known almost exclusively as a conductor of operas by Gian-Carlo Menotti. He led *The Consul* on Broadway for three months (in 1955) and conducted *The Medium* when it was filmed in Italy, and led NBC's television performances of *Amahl and the Night Visitors* for the past two Christmases.

Schippers transferred from a Kalamazoo high school to Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music at 14. At first, he studied organ and piano. But he got a chance to conduct the famed Philadelphia Orchestra in a student contest, and that changed his mind. He worked as a coach for the singers during the rehearsals of Menotti's *Consul*, got his chance to direct



CONDUCTOR SCHIPPERS
Philadelphia changed his mind.

it after the opera had already opened on Broadway.

Now a ranking Menotti expert, Schippers sees no reason to limit himself. This summer he hopes to conduct in Europe, then will return to lead outdoor concerts in Manhattan and Chicago.

"It Can Happen to You"

Four years ago, Joan Carmella Babbo graduated from Chicago's Bowen High School. Then she went to college for four years—but not to the academic kind. College for her was a succession of spotlighted floors where she learned to belt out popular songs.

She had a husky-sweet voice and an unsophisticated manner. On numberless Midwest floors, from sedate hotel dining rooms to beer halls, she learned how to use her voice, but she kept her unsophisticated manner. "Everybody in their life goes through different romantic phases," she decided. "All you have to do is remember real living, and put it into the song." By last winter, 22-year-old Joanie Babbo—

now known as Joni James—had graduated to a place among the top recording songbirds in the U.S. Three of her hits nestled simultaneously on bestseller lists: *Why Don't You Believe Me?*, *Have You Heard?* and *Your Cheatin' Heart*.

Success was no more than Joni expected. "When you work four years at college," she says, "and you finally got a diploma, are you shocked?" Instead of getting a diploma, "I got to know what people liked."

Last week Joni James was back in Chicago for a triumphal stage appearance at the Chicago Theater. The audience cheered when she swept out in a floor-length, white-headed number and bounced through a happy performance of *Gee, but It's Great to Be Again in My Home Town*—and into her hit songs. Joni also found



Richard Meek

SONGSTRESS JAMES

Old Bowen High made her cry.

time while in Chicago for a sentimental visit to Bowen High School. She hugged her old teachers on sight, wept openly when she sang in her old place in the Bowen High mixed chorus, accepted a bouquet of roses, and got kissed on the cheek, on a dare, by a 17-year-old. For a farewell, Joni reached for the microphone and said: "If it can happen to me, it can happen to you—and it's so wonderful I hope it happens three times to each of you."

Surprise Symphony

In Orlando, Fla. (pop. 52,367), in a region more noted for sun tans and beauty contests, a fine, full-fledged symphony orchestra topped off its third season last week. Under the direction of Paris-born Yves (pronounced Eve) Chardon, 51, and with a glamorous assist from Metropolitan Opera Soprano Bidu Sayao, the Florida Symphony Orchestra gave a program with a polish and finesse which a more experienced orchestra might envy.

The Florida's string sections had strength and clarity; its winds played with



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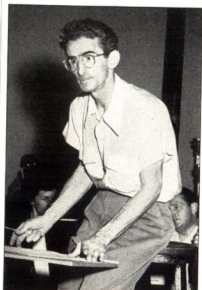
to be made quickly and easily, in either replacement of individual controls or in the rearrangement or relocation of all the control equipment. The close grouping of control elements in Unitrol provides many continuing benefits. Inspection is easier and safer, consequently more regular. For important savings in space, time, labor and costs... for today, tomorrow, and for years ahead... insist on Unitrol, the truly modern motor control. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. Associate: Canadian Cutler-Hammer, Ltd., Toronto.



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ease and flexibility. The full 75-piece orchestra could build to a battering climax and—often a lot more difficult—hush to a whispering pianissimo. The program was conventional, except for one of Brazilian Composer Villa-Lobos' torrid *Bachianas Brasileiras*. But the playing was of the caliber that makes such big-name performers as Helen Traubel, Yehud Menuhin and Artur Schnabel, recent soloists with the Florida, glad to return for more.

Orlando first heard Conductor Chardon in the spring of 1950, when he came to town to lead a test concert with local amateurs. It was such a success that the music-loving citizenry decided to found an all-professional orchestra. They set a budget of \$50,000 for the first season (1950-51); the bills mounted to \$50,000. A large, timely gift helped them over that



CONDUCTOR CHARDON
\$5,000 makes an angel.

hump. Then a core of determined symphony enthusiasts set out to broaden the list of contributors.

Gift Shop Proprietor Joy Hawley, who had experience with direct-mail advertising, wrote personal letters to hundreds of residents of Orlando and nearby Winter Park. She and her gift-shop partner, Helen Ryan, decided to call anyone who gave \$5,000 or more an angel. A benefactor gives \$1,000, a patron \$500, and so on to associate members, who give \$5. Last year the letters brought in \$37,000 toward this season's budget of \$104,000.

Conductor Chardon, a onetime associate conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, under Dimitri Mitropoulos, now has a fully professional ensemble for his three-month season. Orlando, the only U.S. city under 100,000 to support such an expensive orchestra, is pleased as punch with his results. It hopes to double its budget soon, and confidently expects that, before too long, its orchestra will rank among the best dozen or so in the U.S.

What kind of noise hurts your business most?



Floor noise. The clatter of heels, the screech of wheels, the unnerving sound of moving furniture. These and countless other floor noises lower efficiency, production and morale in offices, showrooms and other places of business.



Echoed noise like the bang of file drawers, the racket of machines, the drone of voices are arch enemies of industry. They cause jumpy nerves and undue fatigue. They are responsible for costly errors and hours of unnecessary overtime.

Bigelow's Cushionlok Carpet absorbs up to 90% of floor noise ... deadens echoed noise, too!

Bigelow Cushionlok is the only single acoustical treatment that fights noise *both* ways. Acoustical experts agree that this handsome, durable new carpet *insulates and absorbs sound so effectively that often no further acoustical treatment is necessary.*

Easy to install! Bigelow Cushionlok Carpet requires no cushion lining ... the rubber cushion is built-in. It can be cut in any shape, matched, pieced and even re-laid.

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For Better Acoustics

ART



PAINTER DE STAËL & "MEDITERRANEAN"
From a stranger, as few words as possible.

Robert Crandall

Say It with Slabs

Despite all the current pother about the mechanics of painting, there are actually so few ways of putting color on canvas that abstractionists get grey trying to think up new tricks. Last week artists and camp followers were flocking into a Manhattan gallery to pay homage to a stranger who had succeeded: a husky Parisian named Nicolas de Staël. Artist de Staël quickly explained that he is not so much concerned with abstraction for its own sake as with the expression of moods aroused in him by nature. Said he: "I am trying to say what I have to say with as few words as possible."

De Staël's "words" are masonry-like slabs of paint troweled on to canvas. His biggest picture weighs 250 lbs, unframed, and his smallest something more than a gym-class dumbbell. Each colored slab fits its neighbors as snugly as a stone in a wall. A mound of squarish slabs represents a bouquet; rectangular slabs in horizontal layers stand for a seascape. De Staël's colors are sumptuous, often set off by solid chunks of coal black which supercharge the canvas in much the same way as Rouault's heavy black outlines.

Russian-born Nicolas de Staël, 39, was orphaned when his parents, fleeing the revolution, both died at Danzig. The family nurse took him on to Brussels, and a family friend offered to pay for his education. De Staël studied with an art teacher who sent him on bicycle trips all over western Europe, where he practiced by copying masterpieces in museums. His enthusiasm waxed with his skill. But he had no popular success at first, often went hungry,

During World War II, he served in the Foreign Legion, went straight back to his Paris studio afterwards. Then Georges Braque befriended him, other artists dropped round to his studio, and slowly De Staël's reputation began to grow.

In Europe today De Staël is ranked among the most important "young" artists. Manhattan critics, pleased to have something really new to write about, troweled on the praise. "Majestic," said the *Times*. Said *Art News*: "One of the few painters to emerge from postwar Paris with something personal to say, and a way of saying it with authority." Manhattan buyers were just as complimentary in a more practical way: by week's end the show was a near sellout.

Harvest in Houston

When the first art museum in Texas swung open its doors 29 years ago, a stampede of 10,000 curious Texans wore the varnish off the floors in four hours. The excitement wore off almost as fast. Only 20,000 more visited Houston's Museum of Fine Arts all the rest of that year, and part-time Director James Chillman knew that he had a big job ahead of him transforming the museum from a one-day novelty into a permanent addition to Houston's cultural life.

From Rome to Remington. For a foundation, Chillman decided to concentrate on the classics instead of modern or regional art. "The children here had never seen the important examples of the art heritage in any way but reproduction," he says. "Egypt was a book to them; so was Europe." The museum began collecting samples from the great periods in history: Egyptian art back to 3,000 B.C., a richly-tooled gold funeral wreath from ancient Greece, a Chinese urn from the Han

dynasty, a fine green glaze beaker from 15th century Persia. In painting, Chillman stuck to such safe and sure old masters as Fra Angelico, Bellini, Rembrandt, such French impressionists as Cézanne and Renoir, and a gallery of popular Americans from John Singer Sargent to Cowbo Artist Frederic Remington.

The next step was to get Houston to look at the museum's collections. "It has been a question of encouraging people," says Chillman, "not forcing them by saying, 'You'd better like this.'" Dividing his time between his museum work and teaching architecture at nearby Rice Institute, Chillman over the years laid out art courses for Girl Scout leaders and public-school teachers, gave youngsters guided tours of the museum. Houston heard Chillman talk about art over the radio, saw the museum's masterpieces on TV.

Plowing the Ground. Though Houston's advance guard sometimes argues with Chillman's conservative taste, no one argues with his results. The museum collections have grown to a solid \$3,500,000 worth of treasures. Manhattan's Samuel Kress Foundation will soon add another 33 old masters. And work is going ahead on a new wing to the white limestone building that will provide 3,000 sq. ft. more of exhibition space when it is finished this fall. Best of all, says Chillman, Texans are using the museum; the 1952 attendance was more than 100,000.

By now, the museum has grown too large for only part-time attention, and last week Chillman was getting ready to turn it over to a full-time director. The new head man, who will take over in May: Lee H. B. Malone, 39, director of the Gallery of Fine Arts in Columbus, Ohio. Chillman figures that 2,000,000 Texans have already learned about art from Houston's museum. And, says Chillman, "Up to now, we've just been plowing the ground."



Maurice Miller

DIRECTOR CHILLMAN

After the stampede, 2,000,000 Texans.

TIME, MARCH 30, 1953

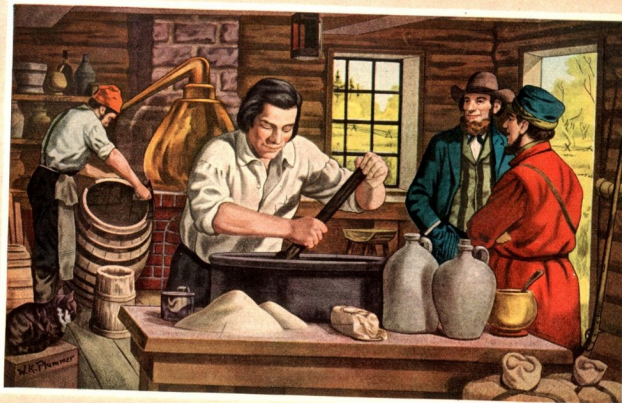
◊ Remotely related to 18th century French Novelist Madame de Staël.



PUBLIC FAVORITES (25): BELLINI'S "CHRIST CARRYING THE CROSS"

This somber picture of Christ and His cross is the most popular painting in the Toledo Museum of Art. The small (19 in. high) panel was painted by the 15th century Venetian master, Giovanni Bellini. Venice was Queen of the Mediterranean in Bellini's day and its ships brought treasures of Byzantine art continually to the city steps. Bellini, among whose pupils were

Giorgione and Titian, did as much as any man to transmute the moon-bright glitter of that art into the warm sunlight of Venetian Renaissance painting. Like all of Bellini's greatest works, his Christ hints by the calm of its composition at eternal peace. Yet this is no merely symbolic figure. Bellini's Christ bleeds, and His glance is clouded with pain as well as pity.



2½ GALLONS A DAY WAS CROW'S ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

In a log cabin near Frankfort, Kentucky, pioneer distiller James Crow, more than a century ago, began to produce small batches of the famous whiskey that still bears his name.

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

James Crow won fame as Kentucky's first scientific distiller. The whiskey that bears his name continues to be made on the same site, using the same limestone spring Colonel Crow discovered. Still considered a standard of perfection among Kentucky bourbons, Old Crow's fame today is world-wide.



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Among America's Great Whiskies



RADIO & TV

Man with a Shoestring

Bill Berns, 33, is a square-faced radio executive with a crew cut, easy manner, busy brain, and a shoestring for a wallet. As program director for ABC's Manhattan outlet, WABC, Berns' job is putting entertainment and public-service items on his station on a practically nonexistent budget.

To get the job done, Berns sprinkles his listeners with inexpensive gimmicks instead of assaulting them with costly productions. Typical is *Time Capsule* (Thursday, 9:30 p.m., E.S.T.), a half-hour potpourri of life in the U.S. It is tape-recorded and filed with the Museum of Natural History, in case anyone wants a playback 100 years from now. This week Berns spent about two hours lining up the guests for his next show: Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., Al Capp, Author Charles G. (*The Next Million Years*) Darwin, Eleanor Roosevelt. The guests will appear without fee, which is exactly what Berns has to spend on the show. On past programs, he has preserved the pop of bubble gum, statements from Grandma Moses and Sam Goldwyn, a conversation between London and Manhattan cabbies.

Philadelphia-born Bill Berns has dabbled in radio reporting, TV, agency producing, pressagentry and moviemaking. He has not yet exhausted all his ingenuity on radio, but he thinks a little programming money would help. Now that ABC has merged with United Paramount Theaters, Inc., he expects the parent company will pour about \$35 million into broadcasting. "Of that," he says confidently, "I hope \$1,000 will come down to me." As for TV, Berns feels radio can survive: "If TV had come before radio, radio would be hotter than ever. I can imagine a housewife saying, 'What a terrific machine! You don't have to watch it at all, and it's so restful on the eyes.'"

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, March 27. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Boris Godunov* (in English), with George London and Blanche Thebom.

NBC Symphony (Sat. 5:45 p.m., NBC). Toscanini conducting Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, with Singers Lois Marshall, Nan Merriman, Eugene Conley, Jerome Hines.

TELEVISION

American Inventory (Sun. 2 p.m., NBC). A documentary on cancer research.

State of the Union (Sun. 4 p.m., CBS). Guest: Attorney General Herbert Brownell.

Omnibus (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS). Ethel Barrymore in Tennessee Williams' *Lord Byron's Love Letter*; George Gershwin's *135th Street*.



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It's more than a change of title

Some people think "Traffic Manager" is just another name for "Shipping Clerk." It isn't! It is an entirely different job. The shipping clerk function is to see that the goods get to their destination on time and in good order. That can be a very important job in itself, but it is only the start of traffic responsibility.

The Traffic Manager works closely with department heads because real cost is delivered cost. He can often figure out savings through changes of routing, or classifying, or by making use of storage in transit. He schedules deliveries to avoid demurrage charges. A slight change in design or packaging or even in labeling can often cut shipping rates or reduce breakage.

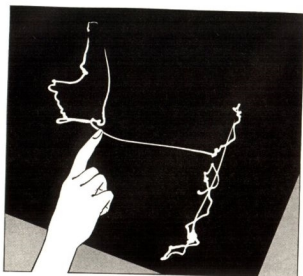
The Traffic Manager sits in at the first consideration of a new plant location. He studies rates and delivery schedules to important markets. He checks the plans at every stage to make sure goods will move in and out with the least possible handling.

What is the status of the chief traffic executive in your organization? What you call him isn't so very important—it's the way you use him that counts.

*As one of the great carriers of
merchandise freight in the country, The*

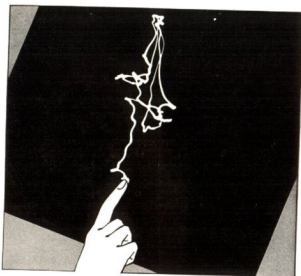
Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

*is vitally interested in any plan
that will move more goods, more efficiently*



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On this calculator hand travel is divided, dispersed. Operator has to think and work in *two* systems instead of one! Hands *and* mind work harder.



MONROE SINGLE KEYBOARD

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*Test #44136, April 10, 1952



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MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY, INC., ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

TIME, MARCH 30, 1953

BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Full Speed Ahead

For the first time in more than two years, the U.S. economy is entirely free of wage and price controls. As President Eisenhower last week struck off the last controls—on machine tools, steel, chemicals and other basic commodities—freedom brought only a few price boosts. There was a \$4-a-ton hike in sulphur and a 4¢-a-lb. hike in coffee.* But, in general, businessmen showed no desire to gouge each other or the consumer for that matter. Actually, with production so high in most raw materials, there was little opportunity.

Even where metals were in short sup-

ply, a prophet who had predicted that business would slip after midyear changed his mind, now saw a good second half. A touch of spring in the air gave retail sales a push to an estimated 3% to 7% higher than a year ago. The SEC estimated that, on the basis of a new survey, business expansion in 1953 would exceed the record \$26.5 billion spent last year. And the Federal Reserve Board's latest survey of consumers' spending plans indicated that U.S. customers this year plan to outspend 1952 on autos, electrical appliances and houses. Thus encouraged, and with plenty of steel, automakers boosted their week's production to 168,288 cars, the highest in two years. As far as anyone could see, the watchword for the free economy was full speed ahead.

RAILROADS

Pay Boost for 1,225,000

The nation's 1,225,000 railroad workers last week got a pay boost of 4¢ an hour, retroactive to Dec. 1, 1952. Though it will cost the railroads about \$120 million a year, it was the reason for the raise more than the sum involved that riled their tempers. The reason: increased "productivity" by the rail workers, the first such pay award ever made to them on Government authority.

The award was made by Paul Guthrie, economics professor at the University of North Carolina and former member of the Wage Stabilization Board. He had been appointed by Harry Truman last December to settle the long pay hassle between 19 rail unions and 125 eastern, western and southeastern railroads. In his decision, Mediator Guthrie cited no specific ways in which rail workers had increased their productivity, simply held that rail workers are entitled to benefit from the better productivity of the whole U.S. economy. What made the decision even more surprising is the fact that the feather bedding railroad brotherhoods have stubbornly fought all major productivity improvements in their industry (e.g., a superfluous "fireman" is required on all diesel engines; in 1950, federal mediators ruled out demands for a second "fireman").

Actually, said the railroad men, the 4¢ (which will hike the average rail wages to \$1.90 an hour) was just another way of granting a flat raise. In agreements with the various brotherhoods in 1951-52, the roads had okayed a 22½¢-to 37¢-an-hour wage increase. This, said the carriers, more than compensated for any productivity pay given in other industries. Of more long-range importance, Mediator Guthrie's award was bound to have a great effect on all collective bargaining. With the precedent set, there was no reason why any union could not demand productivity raises, whether entitled to them or not, thus destroying the whole value of such raises.

UTILITIES

Private-Power Victory

In the Pacific Northwest, where public power has taken over 65% of the market in the past 20 years, private power seemed finished. President Frank McLaughlin of Puget Sound Power & Light Co., Washington's biggest private utility, finally threw in the towel last year after fighting a long, rearguard action against the Public Utility Districts. "Fighting them," said he, "is like trying to live in a house while the workmen are tearing it down."

But President Kinsey Robinson of Washington Water Power, Washington's second-biggest private utility, refused to give in. First he turned to American Pow-



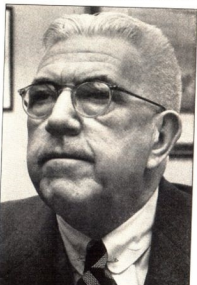
KINSEY ROBINSON

He stopped the workmen . . .

ply e.g., aluminum, producers made no attempt to raise prices. Their great (127%) expansion, launched since Korea, made them fearful of a glut if their prices got out of line. Though U.S. Steel and other big producers said there would be no general increase, some steel prices, such as stainless steel, went up. Mindful, however, of the public outcry stirred up by their unannounced price rise of five years ago (TIME, March 15, 1948), the steel-makers showed no signs of raising the basic price of steel ingots, a bellwether for the whole price level. Steel production soared to a record rate of 110 million tons a year, which would help hold prices down.

As for business itself, it was not only booming, but promised to stay that way.

* Quick to capitalize on higher-priced coffee were U.S. tea importers, who announced: "A cup of tea made in homes costs an average of one-third as much as a cup of coffee."



Howard Staples

FRANK McLAUGHLIN

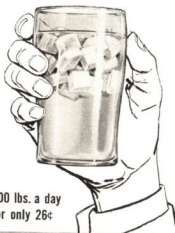
. . . from tearing down the house.

er & Light, which owned Washington Water Power and which, under the holding companies' "death sentence," had to get rid of its subsidiary, A.P. & L. had made a tentative deal to sell Washington Water Power to the P.U.D.s. But Robinson, who started as a lineman and spent 14 years building his company, fought his bosses' plan. He won the backing of A.P. & L.'s biggest stockholders, who persuaded the company to turn down the P.U.D.s. distribute Washington Water Power stock to the parent company's shareholders. Thus, the utility was put on its own (TIME, March 31, 1952). Then Private Enterpriser Robinson set out to save Puget Sound from public ownership.

New Giant. It looked like a lost cause, since McLaughlin had already made a deal to sell Puget Sound to the P.U.D.s for \$66 million. With the deal tied up by a stockholders' suit, Robinson went to work to persuade McLaughlin to sell out to Washington Water Power. Robinson

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promised him a better offer than the P.U.D.s had made. Furthermore, said he, by merging Puget Sound with Washington Water Power, they would have a new giant big enough to fight off the public-power men. Last week, after turning down two offers, McLaughlin agreed to sell.

The deal would make the new company a statewide operation, doubling its customers (to about a million) and its revenues (to some \$38 million). For every share of Puget Sound common, stockholders would get half a share of Washington Water Power common, plus half a share of new convertible preferred. Those who want cash would get \$27 for each Puget Sound share (v. \$22 offered by the P.U.D.s). The agreement must still be approved before July 30 by directors and stockholders of both companies, and also the Washington, Idaho and federal power commissions. Washington Water Power must also raise \$95 million, and the deal is off if holders of more than 50% of Puget Sound's stock want cash. But Robinson is confident. Says he: "Washington Water Power will have all the authority and money on the line before 5:30 on the evening of July 30th."

Turning Tide. The P.U.D.'s are bound to fight. But Robinson, with two victories under his belt, thinks that at long last the tide is turning in favor of private power in the Northwest. Recently, the Washington legislature passed a bill allowing public and private utilities to buy jointly or build dams to generate power. One such deal already in the making: to build a dam at Priest Rapids on the Columbia River. With power still short in the Northwest, it looks as if there is still plenty of room for private enterprise, thanks to tough-minded Kinsey Robinson.

AVIATION

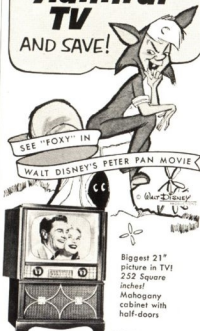
The Perils of Pioneer

Ever since ex-Air Force Major William F. Long founded Dallas' Pioneer Airlines in 1946, the busy, ambitious feeder line has grown like a Texas steer. Staging with six surplus Douglas DC-3s, Pioneer began by shuttling oilmen from west Texas oilfields to Dallas and Houston, soon built its fleet up to 13 DC-3s and its route to 21 cities in Texas and New Mexico. In 1950, moneymaking Pioneer flew more passenger-miles (37 million) and carried more mail than any of the nation's 14 other local service lines.

Last year, bucking hard for trunk-line routes, Pioneer asked the Civil Aeronautics Board to let it expand to some 30 cities in five additional states. To prove it was ready, it sold its entire fleet of old DC-3s to the Air Force for a profit of \$945,537, and bought nine faster (270 m.p.h.), roomier (36-passenger) Martin 2-0-25s. CAB warned Pioneer that the Martins were too hot for small airports to handle and far too expensive to operate. If Pioneer insisted on flying the 2-0-25s, it could expect no boost in mail pay.

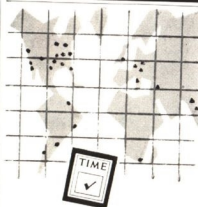
Disregarding the warning, Pioneer put its new planes into service, then brashly asked CAB for a 57% boost in its mail

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THE WORLD OVER

TIME, MARCH 30, 1953

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1903-1953



50th Anniversary

Rhinelander

PAPER COMPANY

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN

subsidy. Last week CAB turned down the petition. Said CAB: Pioneer had cost the Government more in mail pay (\$1,300,000) for six months of Martin operation than for a full year of Douglas service.

The airline, which had gone deep in the red, as CAB had warned it might, promptly raised a dust storm of protest. Pioneer's president, General Robert J. Smith, announced that his line would have to fire its 450 employees, shut up shop within a week, and wires from aroused constituents poured in upon Texas Congressmen. In reply, CAB calmly indicated that there were several anxious airlines just waiting to take over Pioneer's routes.

At week's end, Pioneer's dust storm had about blown itself out. It agreed to sell its 2-0-28 and buy back a fleet of DC-38. Said President Smith: "There are some things you do because you want to, and other things you do because you have to. This comes in the latter category."

AUTOS

Little Leatherneck

In Quantico, Va. last week, the Marine Corps showed off its new Mighty Mite, a pint-size cousin of the wartime jeep (40 inches shorter and 1,300 lbs. lighter). The spunky little auto has no muffler (the tubular frame acts as one) and no axles (each wheel is independently sprung), and can plow through knee-deep mud, ford streams, hit 45 m.p.h. on a level highway, climb an 87% grade and be airlifted by helicopter. The Marines have ordered ten Mites, powered by 65-h.p. Lycoming air-cooled engines, from Mid-America Research Corp. of Wheatland, Pa.

MANAGEMENT

The Pace That Kills

Does the high pressure of their jobs cause top corporation executives to burn out faster and die earlier than other men? Though industry still lacks the statistics to make a watertight case, the answer seems to be yes. After checking the health of more than 25,000 executives averaging 45.6 years old, New York's Life Extension Examiners found that only 20% were in normal health. In Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, three doctors examined 55 executives under 50 years of age, found only three entirely free from organic disorders. Of 340 Standard Oil (N.J.) executives reporting for a medical checkup, 235 had something wrong, and 192 had ills that would materially affect their working lives.

Six Years Too Soon. Faced with such facts, U.S. corporations have awakened to the acute need to help prolong the lives of their executives. As the tempo of industrial life speeded up during the war, so did the death rate. In General Motors alone, 189 of its top management group died in five war years. Good executives, scarce enough in wartime, have become even harder to get in the postwar boom. Companies which once regarded an executive as expendable but fortunately replaceable have changed their thinking.



ROBERT SMITH
Down to earth.

Ed Miley

Some experts estimate that a \$20,000-a-year executive represents a \$250,000 investment by his company. And the American Fidelity & Casualty Co. has found that the average businessman dies six years before his time, thus losing for the company a sizable investment.

As long ago as the 1930s, a few companies like Standard Oil of New Jersey set up company health programs with a limited emphasis on the protection of executives. But to most companies, the fallacy in lavishing care on their machines, while neglecting their men, is a recent revelation. No longer is an ulcer the badge of loyal devotion, a spare tire around the midriff an excuse for a gibe. They are visible signs of the depreciation of a valuable company asset. By last week the concern had become so great that Dr. Harry J. Johnson, director of the Life Extension Examiners, could confidentially describe executive health programs as "the hottest thing in medicine today."



MIGHTY MITE
Up in the air.

United Press

Waste of Time? In starting health programs, many a corporation got off on the wrong foot by making periodic medical examinations mandatory for its management group. The result was that many executives complained about the "waste of time" involved in checkups. The real reason was their fear that something would be found wrong and that it would prejudice the boss against them.

Instead of a mandatory checkup, most corporations have changed to voluntary ones—and the results are confidential between doctor and patient. Today, of the 450 companies which the American Management Association considers to have good medical programs, only a few still require a report on each man to the company president. But companies like Ford, Du Pont, General Motors and Jones & Laughlin, all of which have voluntary programs, make it abundantly clear to executives that it is a good idea to be examined.

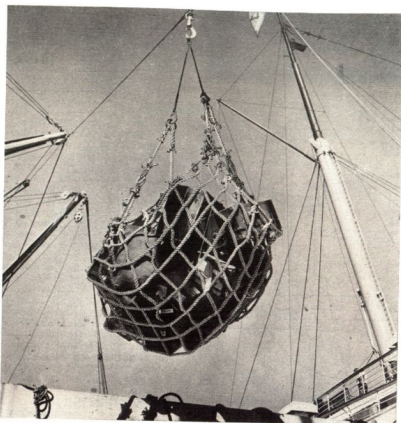
The Last Resort. Because few companies have adequate facilities to give exhaustive examinations, many send executives to such outside clinics as Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital, Boston's Lahey Clinic and New York's Life Extension Examiners. For many hard-driving executives, however, the prospect of spending three days idling in bed is too deadly an ordeal. To take care of them, there is an entirely new kind of clinic, where prescriptions are mixed with fun.

Most lavish is the Greenbrier Clinic, set up in a wing of the Greenbrier Hotel in 1948 by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. Now, 45 big companies send their executives to the Greenbrier periodically for a leisurely, three-day checkup on the company (cost: \$100, plus hotel-room charges). Executives may take their wives (many clients foot the hotel bill for wives too) and play golf or swim between medical examinations. Said the wife of one recent visitor: "The only time in years I have spent so long with my husband at one time was when he was at the Greenbrier."

With this sugar-coating on the pill, the executive usually is willing to undergo the numerous tests. While these are going on, one of the Greenbrier's doctors gives him a light psychiatric once-over, looking for hidden tensions in his office or home life. In most cases, Greenbrier's director, Dr. James P. Baker, has found that executives take treatment for ailments detected. Nine out of ten whose examinations show organic troubles undergo surgery or change their habits. Six out of ten patients found overweight start reducing. To help them, companies like Du Pont have developed special diets; Westinghouse's executive dining room features a 350-calorie "Waist-liner" lunch each day and posts a calorie count after every item on its menu.

Living Assets. Corporations with health programs (which range in cost from \$35 to \$125 a year for each executive) are convinced that they are hardheaded business investments. In the 18,000 examinations that General Motors executives have undergone since 1944, ailments such as gall bladder trouble, which could be cured by a change of diet, serious sinus infec-

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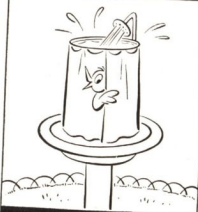
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tions and potentially fatal malignancies which required surgery have been discovered. In G.M.'s program, the director, Dr. Max Burnell, has calculated that 422 persons underwent operations after the examinations disclosed hidden ailments. Jones & Laughlin's medical director, Dr. D. John Laurer, believes that health programs also pay an extra bonus in morale and better productivity. Said he: "When an executive doesn't have to worry about his health, he feels and works better."

Snake Eyes

When two company supervisors at Westinghouse's big Lester (Pa.) jet engine plant walked into the washroom one morning last fortnight, they saw what looked like a clear-cut infraction of a long-standing company rule. Nine men were gathered about a crap game. They were immediately fired. But one of the nine, a gear fitter named Edgar Fulmer, protested that he had merely dropped by the washroom, and had never touched the bones. Last week, when the plant supervisor refused to reinstate him, almost 7,000 Westinghouse workers walked out and stopped all production. This week the plant was closed for the sixth day as both sides argued whether Gear Fitter Fulmer had been gambling or not. Said the union: "The company is using the Fulmer case in an effort to bludgeon the union and its members into an ineffectual apparatus." Said Westinghouse: the company had to stand firm on "a principle you've got to live with forever."

ADVERTISING

New High

U.S. companies spent more money on national advertising last year than ever before. Publishers Information Bureau last week reported that national advertising in magazines, Sunday supplements, and on radio & TV networks hit \$958 million in 1952, up 9.4% from the year before. The top four advertisers were the same as in 1951: Procter & Gamble (\$38.6 million), General Foods (\$32 million), Colgate-Palmolive-Peet (\$21.8 million), General Motors (\$19.7 million).

AGRICULTURE

Poison in the Panhandle

In Texas' panhandle last fall, herds of cattle suddenly sickened and died of a strange disease. Calves of sick cows were stillborn or died shortly after birth. The symptoms (watery eyes, sores and a leathery-looking skin) indicated a vitamin deficiency. But doses of vitamin A did no good. Veterinarians at first called the sickness "Disease X," finally diagnosed it as hyperkeratosis,* a poisoning caused by chlorinated naphthalene. It was traced to

* The disease, sometimes called "horny skin," was first recognized in 1941. Chlorinated naphthalene was proved to be a cause in 1949. Because the chemical is a common ingredient in petroleum products, cattle have been poisoned by merely rubbing against oily tractors, combines, bulldozers, etc.

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TIME, MARCH 30, 1953

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cottonseed feed pellets made by Fort Worth's Traders Oil Mill Co.

Traders, which had changed the lubricating oil on its pelletmaking machinery last fall, had failed to notice that the new oil, containing chlorinated naphthalene, was seeping into the pellets. By the time it did, the company had sold 6,800 tons of the feed. Ironically, some ranchers, short of plain cottonseed meal, had even stood in line to get the poisoned pellets.

By last week the poison in the panhandle had killed or sickened 3,000 head of cattle in Briscoe and Hall Counties alone, many of them valuable breeding stock. Cattlemen fear that at least another 1,000 head may be contaminated. Some county agents believe that cattle in parts of Oklahoma and several neighboring states may also be in danger. In Fort Worth's stock pens, federal inspectors were carefully checking all cattle for hyperkeratosis, letting them be slaughtered if not too sick. An estimated 10,000 with hyperkeratosis have already gone through the yards.

Though Traders put the blame on a third party (presumably the lubricant maker, whom it declined to name), it promised to make good any "fair and reasonable" losses to cattlemen. Up to last week, they were estimated in the millions.

MILESTONES

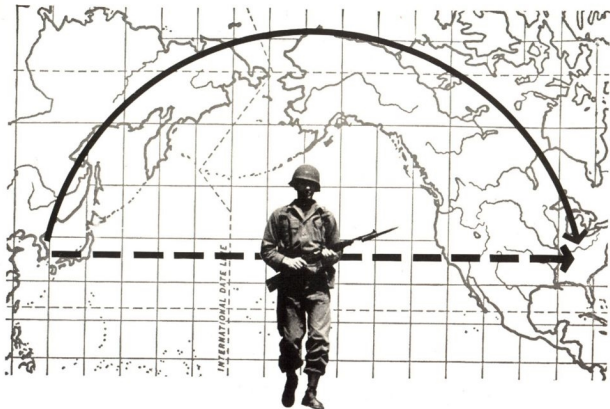
Died. Gertrude Maynard Anderson, 48, Canadian-born ex-actress, and second wife of Pulitzer Prizewinning playwright Maxwell (*Both Your Houses*, *Winterset*) Anderson; by her own hand (carbon monoxide poisoning); near New City, N.Y.

Died. Irene Bordoni, 59, French-accented singer-comedienne of the 1920s; of cancer; in Manhattan. She made a 1940 comeback on Broadway in *Louisiana Purchase*, more recently played Bloody Mary in a road company of *South Pacific*.

Died. Seth W. Richardson, 73, attorney and self-styled "lifelong, contentious Republican," who came under right-wing attack as the Truman-appointed chief of the Government's Loyalty Review Board (1947-50) and first chairman of the Subversive Activities Control Board; in Washington.

Died. Raoul Dufy, 75, one of the grand old men of modern school-of-Paris art, generally ranked among the top half-dozen contemporary French painters; of a heart attack; in the Provencal village of Forcalquier. Partially crippled by arthritis for the past 15 years, Dufy never let pain or gloom color his work. He was famed chiefly for lighthearted, brightly hued racing and yachting scenes.

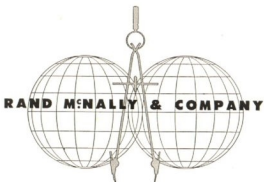
Died. Frederic Rodrigo Gruger, 82, dean of U.S. magazine illustrators who helped design the *Satevepost's* first modern cover, illustrated John Marquand's "Mr. Moto" yarns and Earl Derr Biggers' "Charlie Chan" series.



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CINEMA

The Oscars

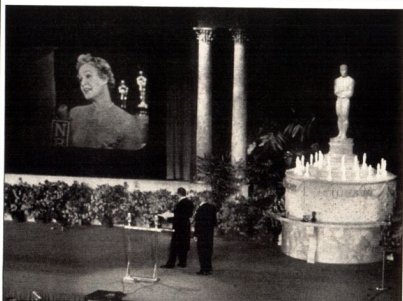
In a sort of shotgun wedding, Hollywood and television got together last week for the 25th annual presentation of Oscars. It was easy to predict who would wear the pants in the family. Master of Ceremonies Bob Hope, bowing to the cathode ray by wearing a blue dress shirt with his dinner jacket, cracked: "With Oscar 25 years old, it's high time he got married. While it's true he has a child bride, the kid is loaded. In fact, the bride's father is picking up the tab." (The show cost the Radio Corp. of America \$250,000.)

To the movie fans outside Hollywood's RKO Pantages Theater, the show looked

the show was still fascinating in an unrehearsed, star-studded way.

Oscar for 1952's "best actor" was presented in *absentia* to durable Gary Cooper for his performance as the cow-town marshal in *High Noon*. In Manhattan, Broadway's Shirley Booth, whose slatternly housewife in *Come Back, Little Sheba* was her first screen role, stumbled excitedly up the steps to the stage. But the Hollywood audience, watching the big-screen TV, also saw her gracefully walk off with a well-deserved award for "best actress."

Perhaps in a sentimental mood, the academy gave the Oscar for "best picture" to Cinema Pioneer Cecil B. DeMille, 71, for his moneymaking circus extravaganza,



SHIRLEY BOOTH ON HOLLYWOOD TV SCREEN
At a shotgun wedding, a sentimental mood.

J. R. Eyerman—Life

familiar: klieg lights crisscrossing the wet night sky and Cadillacs disgorging jeweled and ermined cargoes. But inside the palace, surrounded by TV cameras, zoomar lenses, floodlights and monitoring screens, the 2,800 top-drawer movie folk were acutely conscious that times had changed.

For the first time, some 34 million televisioners got a look at Hollywood's most ballyhooed annual event. The TV technicians, bossing the whole show, did a slick job of switching back & forth between Hollywood and Manhattan's International Theater, where a junior edition of the ceremonies was under way. All the cinema queens, some appearing for the first time on TV, looked as gorgeous as they ever did, but a few seemed to miss the careful direction they get in films. The cameras might have been less rigid (the losers in the audience were ignored, even though Bob Hope had advised watching them: "You'll see great understanding, great sportsmanship—great acting"). But

ganza, *The Greatest Show on Earth* (already No. 2 on Hollywood's list of all-time big grossers).

Among other Oscar winners:

☐ Best supporting actress: Gloria Grahame, for her southern belle in *The Bad and the Beautiful*.

☐ Best supporting actor: Anthony Quinn for his desperado role in *Viva Zapata!*

☐ Best direction: John Ford for *The Quiet Man* (his fourth Oscar).

☐ Best foreign-language film: France's *Forbidden Games*.

☐ Best two-reel short subject: Walt Disney's *Water Birds* (Disney's 18th Oscar).

The New Pictures

Salome (Beckworth Corp.; Columbia) tries—with small success—to set the historical record straight on the story of Salome. According to the Biblical version, Princess Salome of Galilee was a willing accomplice in the beheading of John the Baptist because of his preachings against



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RYTA HAYWORTH
 No head-hunter, she.

her adulterous mother, Queen Herodias, and her stepfather, King Herod. As the movie has it: Salome (Rita Hayworth) was just a nice, healthy girl over whom men lost their heads—figuratively rather than literally. And she danced her famous dance of the seven veils not to lure Herod into serving up the Prophet's head on a platter but merely to distract the King while a handsome Roman commander (Stewart Granger), a secret convert to John's Christian teachings, tried to free him.

Doubtful as history, *Salome* is just as dubious as screen entertainment. A turgid, multimillion-dollar blend of sex, spectacle and religion, it has been directed with a ponderous touch by William Dieterle. Chewing at the Technicolor scenery are Charles Laughton as a fat, licentious Herod, Judith Anderson as an evilly scheming Herodias, Alan Badel as a weirdly wild-eyed John the Baptist, and Stewart Granger as an intrepid Roman commander. Actress Hayworth does her best in the dance of the seven veils. With choreography by Valerie Bettis, Rita is the very picture of a Galilean glamour girl in an off-the-shoulder gown by Jean Louis, hairdo by Helen Hunt, and make-up by Clay Campbell. She wriggles, writhes and undulates through this predecessor of the modern striptease with such abandon, as she methodically removes as many veils (six) as the law and the Breen Office will allow, that moviegoers may come away with the feeling that never before has history been so colorful.

I Love Melvin (M-G-M) is a Technicolor song & dance show with little to offer except the animated presence of Donald O'Connor. Cast as a photographer's bash assistant whose main job is lugging flashbulbs, O'Connor falls head over dancing heels in love with a pretty Broadway chorine (Debbie Reynolds), and boastfully promises to get her picture on the cover of his magazine. For the next several issues, photographs of prizefighters, puppies and horses keep appearing on

the magazine cover with increasingly monotonous regularity—but never one of the chorine. Does Debbie ever get to be a cover girl? Does Donald prove that he is no mere flash in the bulb? Do cinemusicals have happy endings?

In the course of *I Love Melvin*, pert Debbie Reynolds impersonates a football in a gridiron dance number. Donald O'Connor does a tap dance on roller skates and goes through some amusing rapid costume changes in a photographer's gallery. But the picture leaves O'Connor's musical-comedy talents largely untapped.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Call Me Madam. Ethel Merman spark-plugs a big, bouncy movie version of her Broadway hit musical about a diamond-in-the-rough lady ambassador (TIME, March 23).

Lili. A slight but charming cinemal about an orphan girl, a young magician and a romantic puppeteer; with Leslie Caron, Jean Pierre Aumont, Mel Ferrer (TIME, March 9).

Peter Pan. Walt Disney's lighthearted feature-length cartoon adaptation of J. M. Barrie's fantasy (TIME, Feb. 2).

The Little World of Don Camillo. France's Fernandel as a battling parish priest and Italy's Gino Cervi as a Communist mayor in a film version of the best-selling novel (TIME, Jan. 19).

Moulin Rouge. John Huston's strikingly Technicolored film about the life & loves of French painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; with José Ferrer (TIME, Jan. 5).

The Member of the Wedding. Carson McCullers' play about an unhappy twelve-year-old girl; with Julie Harris and Ethel Waters in their original Broadway parts (TIME, Dec. 29).

Come Back, Little Sheba. Burt Lancaster as a reformed drunk and Shirley Booth as his slatternly wife in a film version of William Inge's play (TIME, Dec. 29).

Forbidden Games. Two children play at death in a biting French allegory about war (TIME, Dec. 8).

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A French Cameo

COUNT D'ORGEL (214 pp.)—Raymond Radiguet—Grove Press (\$3).

Raymond Radiguet, whose masterpiece, *Count d'Orgel*, is published this week in the U.S., was a literary prodigy. He was born near Paris in 1903, one of a large tribe of children sired by a cartoonist for the Paris comic magazine *Le Rire*. Of his mother Radiguet once said: "I don't know very well what her face looked like. She was always tying shoelaces."

Raymond spent the summer of his twelfth year in a boat on the Marne, reading his father's library of modern French authors, and decided to become a writer. At 14, he was producing lyric poetry of mature feeling and craft. At 15, he hit out on his own in the literary life of Paris. At 17, he brought out his first volume of poetry and wrote his first novel, *Le Diable au Corps* (recently made into a French film and shown in the U.S. as *Devil in the Flesh*), the story of an adolescent love affair.

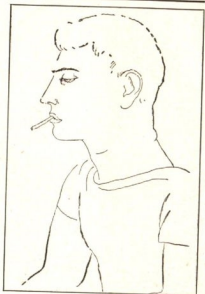
The critics got the dithers. "We are in the presence of a boy," wrote one, "possessing a creative confidence, a mental perfection and a rigor of expression belonging to the most accomplished and the most experienced, an artist who has given up all the illusions of youth." The esthetes rolled their eyes. "He dominated us all," says Jean Cocteau, "by his wisdom, his calm, and the clairvoyance of his myopic eyes turned inward."

After *Le Diable*, Radiguet began to study the most famous of the French county novels, *The Princess of Cleves*, by Madame de Lafayette (TIME, May 28, 1951), and was inspired to write *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel*. "A chaste love story"—he called it—"as shocking as the least chaste."

A Lineal Prig. The lovers of the story are François de Sérèuse, a young Frenchman of good family, and Mahaut, Countess d'Orgel, descended from the old Creole nobility of Martinique, the wife of the Count d'Orgel. When the story begins, after World War I, Mahaut is scarcely more than a child and is deeply in love with her husband, a man of 30; "in return, [the count] showed her much gratitude and the warmest friendship, which he himself mistook for love."

The Count d'Orgel, in fact, was a lineal prig, living & breathing for social ritual. The Orgels met François de Sérèuse at the circus one night and invited him to lunch. Soon he and Mahaut were talking about their childhood lives in the country. "François' words refreshed her like a gift of wild flowers."

In a little while, François was in love with Mahaut, but the count, though perhaps he sensed it, was not disturbed. If anything, it increased his friendship for François. "The reason was in fact incredible . . . We are drawn toward those who flatter us, in whatever way," François, for



COCTEAU'S RADIGUET
At 20, a beehive of unrest.

his part, admired the count. "His admiration was above all for a man capable of being loved by a Mahaut." Furthermore, Orgel "began to love his wife from the moment he saw that François loved her, as though he needed the evidence of another man's desire to teach him her value." Mahaut least of all was aware of what was toward. "She behaved like children who . . . think if one shuts one's eyes and does not move, one is dead."

A Wattle of the Heart. The three drift gently down the garden path of self-deception in a bee-hum of amorous unrest, then all at once Mahaut is stung to con-



M.I.T.'S WIENER
At 14, a gentlemanly indifference.

sciousness. With the realization that she loves François, she begs him to stay away. When he continues his visits anyway, she confesses to her husband and begs him to save her. To her amazement, the count is not so much disturbed by her news as by the fact that she has shared it with François' mother. "It is absurd," he says. "We must find means of putting everything right . . . François must take part in our opening scene [at a masque they have planned]. You must choose his costume." As Mahaut looks at her husband, she sees him at last for what he is.

Precisely at this point, the book ends; and with the book, Radiguet's life ended too. He received the proofs as he lay dying of typhoid fever. "Listen," he said. "Listen to something terrible. In three days I am going to be shot by the soldiers of God. . . I heard the order." Three days later, Raymond Radiguet died. He was 20. "Age is nothing," he had written. "All great poets have written at seventeen. The greatest are those who succeed in making one forget it." Radiguet can make a reader forget everything but the cool grace of his art, in which he is a cameoist of sensibilities, a Watteau of the heart.

Small Wonder

EX-PRODIGY: MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH (309 pp.)—Norbert Wiener—Simon & Schuster (\$3.95).

At seven, Norbert Wiener was already interested in chemistry and physics, so his college-professor father set up a small laboratory for him in their home in Cambridge, Mass. But since Norbert was not the kind of lad to lose himself in sterile specialization, he also looked into zoology and botany—particularly into "structure and the problems of growth." It soon became clear that little Norbert was a scientific prodigy, one of the most brilliant ever to appear in the U.S. At nine he entered high school; at eleven he was enrolled at Tufts College, a dumpy little boy with thick glasses who found the classroom seats disconcertingly large.

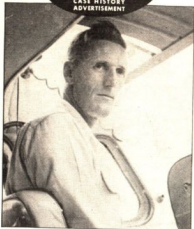
Ex-Prodigy is Norbert Wiener's memoir of his difficult years as a child genius. Now a mathematics professor at M.I.T. and a pioneer in the development of machines to do the work of men (*Cybernetics*—TIME, Dec. 27, 1948), he has written a book that rivals in psychological interest, if not in literary skill, the recollections of such other youthful prodigies as John Stuart Mill and Samuel Butler.

"Fool! Donkey! Ass!" Papa Wiener was a character in his own right. Omnivorous scholar, fanatical Tolstoyan, rigid vegetarian, amateur farmer and heterodox Slavic philologist, Bialystok-born Leo Wiener was an austere and aloof, yet somehow lovable paterfamilias. Papa was dissatisfied with ordinary schools and instructed Norbert personally until the boy went to high school. Papa, a good teacher, was also an irascible man, and whenever Norbert stumbled, there would come streaming down upon him a flood of invective in German: "Fool! Donkey! Ass!"

Even when Norbert started going to



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in over 500 flying hours, it's only required routine checks."

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school, the parental tyranny continued. At this time, in addition to teaching his regular classes at Harvard, papa had undertaken to translate 24 volumes of Tolstoy in 24 months, and in the evenings, while scribbling furiously and peering into proofs, he would hear out Norbert's lessons. And though he was listening with only half an ear, that was quite enough to catch Norbert in his mistakes.

Inevitably, little Norbert turned out to be something of an infantile monster. Once, when a Latin tutor annoyed him, he turned the garden hose on the fellow. Another time, when his parents sent him to a Unitarian Sunday school to give him some contact with other children, little Atheist Norbert got into debates with the minister on the existence of God.

Greek v. Trivialities. The crisis in young Norbert's life came after his graduation from college at 14. Neither child nor man, he was physically exhausted and suddenly troubled by "one of the greatest realizations that the infant prodigy must make: he is not wanted by the community." Enrolled as a graduate student at Harvard, Norbert was frequently miserable. "I had no proper idea of personal cleanliness and personal neatness, and I myself never knew when I was to blurt out some unpardonable rudeness." By now, he wanted to rebel against papa, yet he lacked the daring to do so. At Harvard he was looked upon as something of a freak, for there, writes Wiener with a bitterness that the years do not seem to have erased, "a gentlemanly indifference" toward matters of the mind was very much the style. And most disturbing of all was his encounter with anti-Semitism. Norbert had been brought up without any sense of Jewish tradition, his mother had once denied to him that the family was Jewish at all, and he was entirely unprepared for the prejudice he encountered.

But somehow he managed to come out of it all. He got his Ph.D. at 18, and did graduate work in philosophy under Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Josiah Royce and George Santayana. For a time he vacillated between mathematics and philosophy, finally chose math, with brilliant results. Looking back on his youth, Norbert Wiener tries hard to strike a judicious balance. He still admires the standards of scholarship and devotion to intellectual matters he learned from his father. He cannot help agreeing with papa that it was worth learning geometry, Greek, Latin and German "at an age when most boys are learning trivialities." But, he adds, "my boyhood was not all cakes and ale."

Native Doesn't Live Here

THE OUTSIDER (405 pp.)—Richard Wright—Harper (\$3.95).

When Novelist Richard Wright was a teen-ager in the South, he once forged a note and handed it to the local librarian: "Please let this nigger boy have the following books." Among the books he wanted was Dostoevsky's *Poor People*. From his own bitter experience of life, young

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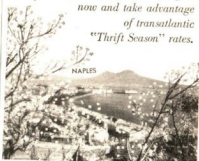
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TIME, MARCH 30, 1953

Wright already knew just about all there was to know about poor people; he was looking for other kinds of enlightenment—eye-openers for young writers. In Dostoevsky he found his eye-opener, and in world Communism his herald. Less than 20 years later, Moscow's critics were comparing Mississippi's Richard Wright to his Russian model.

It was *Native Son* that prompted the comparison, a powerful, brutal reminder of black resentment and confusion in a white man's capitalistic world. It made Wright at 31 a world-famed author and the literary darling of the Communists. His new novel, *The Outsider*, will hardly add to his reputation on either front.

The *Outsider* of the novel is Cross Damon, a Chicago Negro mail carrier (Wright was once a post-office clerk in Chicago). Cross, a discontented man with



André Saniine

NOVELIST WRIGHT
The world is getting worse.

a vast appetite for sex and drink, is married, but separated from his wife Gladys and their three children. His newest sweetheart is pregnant, under the age of consent, and threatening him with jail if he doesn't divorce his wife and marry her. His wife Gladys feels well rid of Cross but won't divorce him. His dilemma is solved by a subway accident. Cross heads for New York.

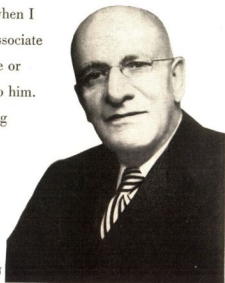
In Harlem, Cross gets tangled up with the Communist Party, but sees through it almost at once. In quick succession he kills two top Communists as well as his landlord. The wife of one of the Communists, a white woman, becomes his mistress, but commits suicide when Cross is exposed as a murderer.

Novelist Wright, now disillusioned with his Communist friends, writes from the thesis that Cross Damon, weakling and murderer, is the victim of a world bereft of values and decency, haunted by fear and peopled by despairing creatures who have quit on life. Damon, he says, could

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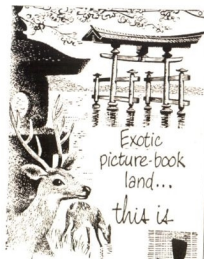


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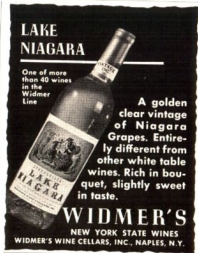
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be any man, black or white, not just a pushed-around Negro. Moreover, Wright argues, the whole world, including the U.S., is getting worse and is in for a totalitarian age. The Soviet Union—though he now rejects it—is not much worse than any place else. As a novelist, Wright has resorted to so much ludicrous coincidence, unlikely conversation and soapbox bombast that his story becomes a bore.

While Wright sits out the threat of totalitarianism in Paris, an abler U.S. Negro novelist sees the problem of his race differently. Says Ralph (*Invisible Man*) Ellison: "After all, my people have been here for a long time... It is a big, wonderful country, and you can't just turn away from it because some people decide it isn't your country."



Richard Meek

NOVELIST KENNEDY
After the striptease, a message.

Against Sin

PRINCE BART (440 pp.)—Jay Richard Kennedy—Farrar, Straus & Young (\$3.95).

Tippy Drake finished her striptease for Bart Blaine, slipped into her clothes, took five bucks off the dresser, and skipped out of the room. It was a rotten way to tease a guy who had had a heart attack and whose doctor had forbidden him to chase pieces of "raw, red meat" down the hospital corridor. Bart lay in bed, clutching the panties Tippy had tossed him, and howling: "She'll kill me, that white stretch of firm-fleshed, tall, beautiful mocking bitchery!"

It is scenes such as this that have led Publishers Farrar, Straus & Young to ballyhoo *Prince Bart* as "the most explosive novel" they have ever published. So loud are the explosions, in fact, that the message of the novel is almost drowned out: Author Kennedy argues that sin is increasing in modern society, and he is against it. This puts him about midway between Philip Wylie and Kathleen Winsor, except

that he lacks Wylie's literary stature and writes worse than Winsor.

Hero Bart is a Hollywood golden boy, but success has gone to his head. When he is not too busy with call girls and his best friends' wives, Bart worries about his relations with his wife Mollie and wonders why she is growing so cold toward him. "Oh Mollie!" he cries, "sing sweet across the wires to your baby." But Mollie is fed up with baby; her heart belongs to the nonprofit community center she hopes to found.

On top of all this, Bart begins to slip. His heart attack is the tipoff to the people who have been wondering how long he can keep up his pace. The studio hires stand-ins to play Bart's fighting parts, and younger bruisers are secretly screen-tested to step into his shoes. The finality of his fix strikes him when he boards a train at Los Angeles and realizes that "not even a Brownie snapshot camera was in sight."

Author Kennedy's aim, it seems, is to warn Americans that neither sex nor success is the big thing in life. He suggests that Mollie, in her concern for nonprofit community centers, is on a much sounder tack than Bart. But these didactic reflections should not seriously interfere with the sale of the book, either in hard covers or in the inevitable paper-back reprints.

RECENT & READABLE

Holmes-Laski Letters, edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe. Nearly 1,500 pages of learning, gossip and friendly controversy between a skeptical old Brahmin and a Marxist intellectual (TIME, March 23).

The Man Whistler, by Hesketh Pearson. A brisk, anecdotal portrait of the 19th century painter and eccentric (TIME, March 23).

Five Gentlemen of Japan, by Frank Gibney. A searching book about the Japanese, told around the lives & times of an admiral, a farmer, a newspaperman, a steelworker and the Emperor (TIME, March 16).

The Happy Rural Seat, by George Lanning. A brilliant first novel on the subject of the un-lived life, with fresh variations on the Henry James theme (TIME, March 9).

A Good Man, by Jefferson Young. The story of a Mississippi Negro who decides to paint his house, and white at that (TIME, March 9).

Prince of Players, by Eleanor Ruggles. The tragic and tempestuous life of Edwin Booth, most famed actor of his day (TIME, March 2).

The Plantation, by Ovid Williams Pierce. A skillful story, quietly told, about a self-forgetting Southern family man (TIME, March 2).

Out of Red China, by Liu Shaw-tong. A straight and human account of life under Mao Tse-tung's new order, by a young Chinese who took a close look, then ran for his life (TIME, Feb. 9).

The Mongol Empire, by Michael Prawdin. First U.S. publication of a classic history of Genghis Khan and his successors; originally (1938) published in German (TIME, Feb. 9).



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If, this year, the maker of the largest-selling U. S. automobile sold a new car to just one out of every eight of the 11,880,000 households reached by a single issue of LIFE, his sales for 1953 would set a new record for sales in any one year.

LIFE market?



In toiletries:

If, this year, the makers of brushless shaving cream (tube or aerated) sold just one 59¢ container every third month to the men in the households reached by a single issue of LIFE, sales to this group alone would far exceed the industry's total 1951 sales.



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If, this year, the manufacturers of men's and boys' summer suits were to sell a suit to just one out of every two males reached by a single issue of LIFE, sales to this group alone would exceed the total 1951 cuttings by more than a million suits.

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**Source: P.I.B. (gross figures).

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All of this, of course, is a tribute to LIFE. But it is particularly a tribute to an America more intent, more curious about the world of today . . . and the world of tomorrow.

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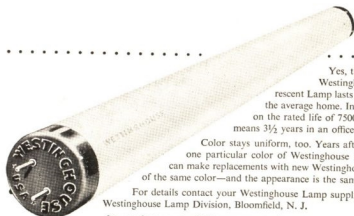
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MISCELLANY

Heavy-Fingered. In Walla Walla, Wash., someone broke into A. Wylie's monument display room, stole two tombstones.

Reputation at Stake. In Indianapolis, the worried manager of the Essex House called an electrician to come quickly and replace the burned-out first two letters of its big neon sign.

Around the Clock. In Hyattsville, Md., 83-year-old J. A. Dobson was arrested for drunken driving after he slammed his automobile into a pole in broad daylight and bayed at a policeman: "This is my night to howl."

Young Love. In Ahmadabad, India, police stopped a marriage contract ceremony in a nearby village, told the parents of the one-year-old groom and the nine-month-old bride not to be in such a hurry.

Heave Ho! In San Francisco, when Floyd Ford's car got stuck in a rut, he and a friend got out to push, shoved it out of the rut and over a 75-ft. cliff.

To the Point. In London, a soldier's wife who had been ordered to leave her military quarters wrote to British Under Secretary of War J. R. H. Hutchison: "Dear Sir: I remain, Yours truly."

Sales Resistance. In Baltimore, while Insurance Agent Manuel Hyman was trying to sell him a policy covering losses from holdups, Liquor Store Proprietor William Gross was held up by three gunmen, still couldn't decide whether to buy a policy.

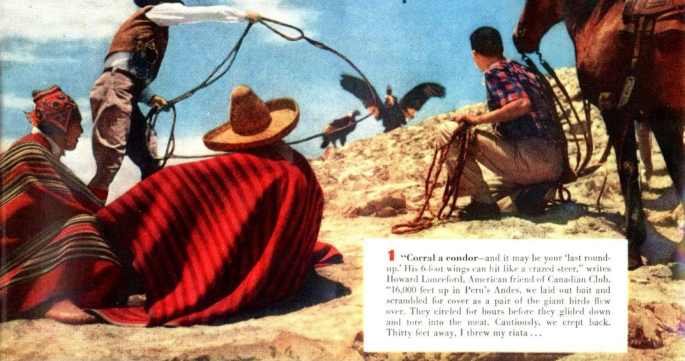
By the Rule Book. In Toronto, Roy Wallis complained to police that, although he was uninjured when his automobile crashed into a pole, two solicitous bystanders insisted on applying first aid, dragged him out of the car, twisted his arm to make him lie down on the cold pavement.

Special Delivery. In Middletown, Ohio, Letter Carrier Webster Newton opened a sidewalk mailbox to collect the outgoing mail, found a can of washing powder, four cans of cold beer, \$11 in change, two keys, and 28 envelopes filled with scrap paper.

Referendum. In Holly Springs, Miss., Police Chief Jimmie Warren explained why the streets are lined with unused parking meters: "A good salesman sold the city the meters, but they are very unpopular. By common consent, nobody puts a coin in and nobody gets a ticket."

The Competition. In Detroit, Mrs. Marguerite Norton got a divorce after testifying that she had to work to support herself because her husband lavished so much money and affection on his 10,000 pet worms.

Lassoing a Condor can throw you for a Loop!



1 "Corral a condor—and it may be your 'last round-up.' His 6-foot wings can hit like a crazed steer," writes Howard Lancelord, American friend of Canadian Club. "16,000 feet up in Peru's Andes, we laid out bait and scrambled for cover as a pair of the giant birds flew over. They circled for hours before they glided down and tore into the meat. Cautiously, we crept back. Thirty feet away, I threw my riata..."



2 "Tough as cable and almost as stiff, this braided leather lasso had taken a lot of working to limber up. Even then it was no cinch to handle. But my noose caught one condor before he could take off..."



3 "Caging the vulture took three quick men—and strong. As I yanked the rope, my companions leaped on the bird's back. Dodging his bone-crushing beak, they strait-jacketed his claws and wings in blankets and tied him up. Even behind bars, his terrifying looks panicked our mule."



4 "'Zoos will bid high for that condor,' said my host at his Lima home. 'Right now, I'll settle for this.' I replied, as he offered me Canadian Club."

5 "Busting that flying bronco recalled my rodeo days. We always toasted winners with Canadian Club—the whisky I find a favorite everywhere!"

Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.

Yet it has a distinctive flavor that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long... in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. There is one and only one Canadian Club, and no other whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.

IN 87 LANDS... THE BEST IN THE HOUSE

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

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*Just the heart of the ham**

The famous

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What could be finer for Easter?



*Hormel takes a choice whole ham—skins it, takes out the bone, trims it carefully of all surplus fat. Then removes the shank in such a way that you get magnificent, tender whole slices from first to last. America's original . . . and finest . . . canned ham. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

